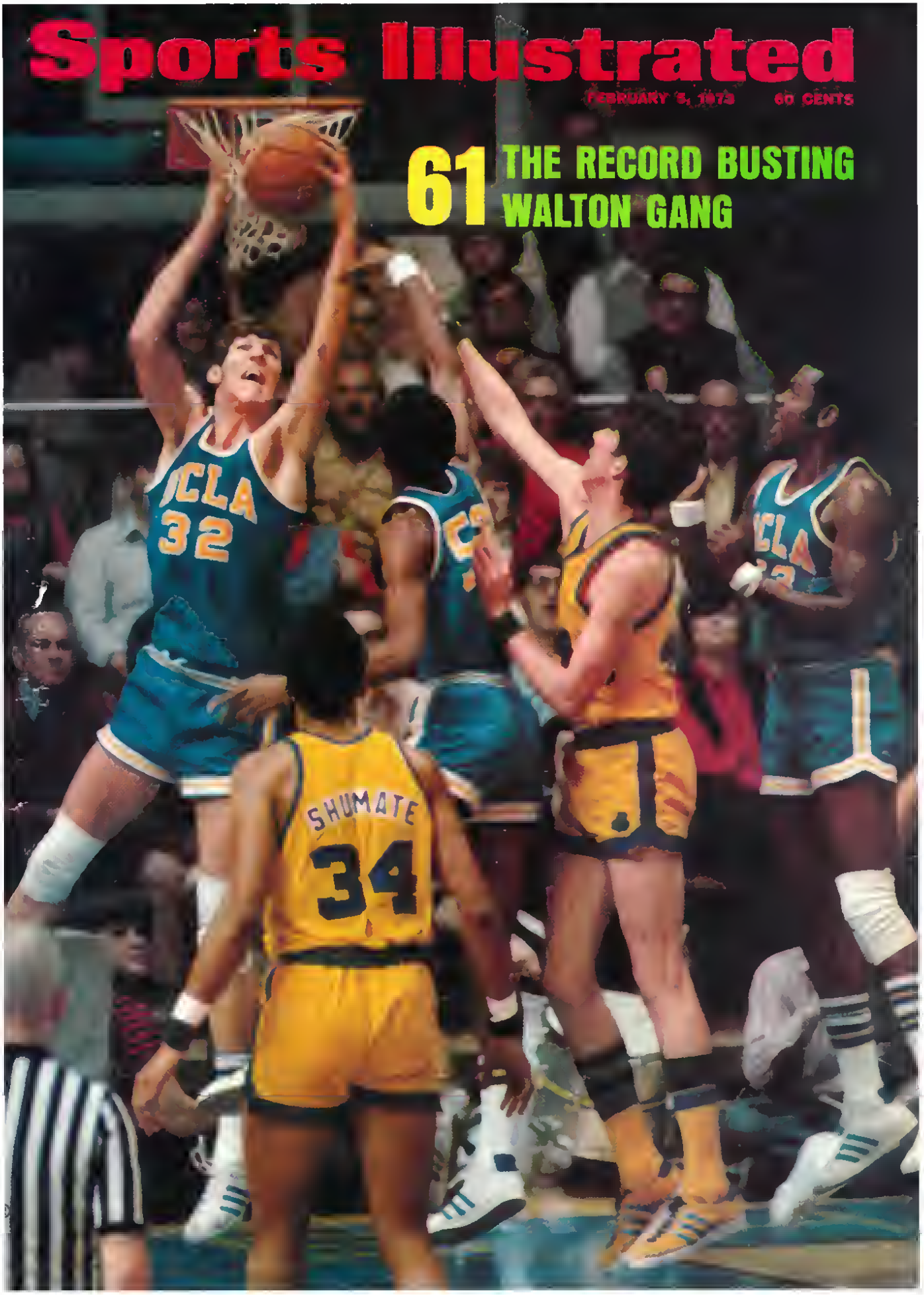
Sports Illustrated
FEBRUARY 5, 1973 60 CENTS

61 THE RECORD BUSTING WALTON GANG



Proceeds from the
Bob Hope Desert Classic
Golf Tournament benefit the
Eisenhower Medical Center
and other Desert charities



The original Desert Classic Blazer (*right*): Classic styling in eighteen swinging colors. Brightly buttoned, boldly lined.

Bob's Blazer Suit (*far right*): The ease of a blazer, the suitability of a suit, all in one. Twelve classic colors.

The Desert Classic Sport Coat (*above*): Sporting styling, in a wide variety of solid colors and checks.

Desert Classic Slacks (*upper right*): The utmost in comfort. Styled to wear with a shirt or pair with a blazer or sport coat. Adjustable waistband. Sporty slanted pockets. In checks, stripes, plaids and twelve solid colors.



Bob Hope's Desert Classic Blazer has three swinging partners

First came the famous Blazer, official blazer of Bob Hope's Desert Classic Golf Tournament. Now there's a new blazer suit. A new kind of slacks. All designed to mix and match and put together any way you want for a classic line-up of good looks.

Stretch-8™ is what makes this collection something special. It's a weave of texturized Dacron* polyester and wool worsted with built-in stretch. So it moves when you move; gives and takes just enough to keep you comfortable. And it's found only in Desert Classic clothing.

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Bob Hope's Desert Classic Collection of Blazers, Blazer Suits, Sport Coats, and Slacks. Colorful. Comfortable. Classic.

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Vitamin E, incredibly, is a deodorant.



Vitamin E. Many things have been said about it.

During the last few years, Vitamin E has become the focus of real interest and attention within the scientific community.

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An attribute of this vitamin is that it acts as a deodorant



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These attitudes are rapidly changing. Today, most families still begin their life insurance program by insuring the husband. But as they are able, many go further. More parents realize the loss of either would present major financial problems for the family. Life insurance for both makes sense.

Similarly, many career-minded women—married and single—are concluding that life insurance has an important place in their financial security. As a result of this new thinking, more than one-quarter of all the policies New York Life issued last year were to women. This year it will be even more.

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Wheel balancing	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO
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Adjust clutch	YES	NO	NO	NO	NO
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Last year American Motors introduced the Buyer Protection Plan

Now everyone's trying to get on the bandwagon

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*When you buy a new 1973 car from an American Motors dealer, American Motors Corporation guarantees to you that, except for tires, it will pay for the repair or replacement of any part it supplies that is defective in material or workmanship. This guarantee is good for 12 months from the date the car is first used or 12,000 miles, whichever comes first All we require is that the car be properly maintained and cared for under normal use and service in the fifty United States or Canada, and that guaranteed repairs or replacement be made by an American Motors dealer

Item American Motors is the only manufacturer that has a plan to provide a free loaner car if guaranteed repairs take overnight

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Item A free hot line to Detroit If you want to get mad at us we'll listen

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No manufacturer's guarantee can be successful without the cooperation of its dealers

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They know that we'll back them in their commitment to you, the customer, under the terms of the Buyer Protection Plan

Besides, they're finding out what we've suspected all along Build a good strong car with a good strong guarantee and the world will beat a path to your door.

AMC

We back them better because we build them better.

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Next week

UP AND UP goes Steve Smith, pole vaulting's newest—and maybe loudest—star. He tops the field at Toronto's Maple Leaf Games, fast becoming indoor track's best show.

GOOD KNIGHT spells bad days for the rest of the Big Ten, where Bobby Knight has his Indiana hoopsters embedded in first place. A report on the team and its fiery coach.

HOTTEST SPOT on a hockey rink is on the goalie's doorstep. The color camera samples the action, and Pittsburgh's Jim Rutherford tells why he'd rather be a forward.

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

EMPRISE AGAIN

Emprise, the Jacobs brothers corporation that runs concessions at sports arenas around the country and often lends money to sports organizations (SI, May 29), is under direct attack in Wisconsin. The state's attorney general has challenged the legality of the beer license granted Wisconsin Sportservice, an Emprise subsidiary, at Milwaukee County Stadium on the grounds that state law requires each officer and director of a firm holding such a license to be a citizen of Wisconsin. The Sportservice officers listed are Jeremy, Max, L. D. and G. B. Jacobs, all residents of New York state. Others dispute the attorney general's view, contending the stadium is exempt from the law because it is technically a restaurant.

The implication of the challenge is considerable. Emprise has used large long-term loans to cement its business relationship with various sports organizations. The Milwaukee Brewers, for instance, who play in County Stadium, have a loan of more than $2 million from Emprise. The money was loaned to the ball club when it was still in Seattle and Emprise received a 25-year concessions contract in return. When the franchise was transferred to Milwaukee in 1970 the new owners assumed both loan and contract. They also borrowed an additional $500,000 from Sportservice, although that loan has since been substantially reduced. But the Brewers are concerned about the status of the earlier, larger loan if Sportservice is forced out of County Stadium. And there is also a question of how amenable the Jacobses will be about future loans to sports organizations if their concessions contracts cannot be guaranteed.

INDOOR ISSUE

While controversy over the use of artificial turf on football fields continues to simmer, complaints are now being heard about synthetic surfaces used for basketball. Jack Hartman, Kansas State basketball coach, is so exercised by ankle injuries his players have suffered on K State's Tartan playing surface that he has talked about reinstalling the old wooden court. "There is obviously more traction on the new floor than on the old one," Hartman says. He suspects the abrupt stops on the court are causing the ankle injuries. Athletic Director Ernie Barrett says, "It definitely does not have the slippage you get on wood. It kind of grabs. It's partly because special shoes for synthetic courts have not been developed as rapidly as special football shoes have been for artificial turf."

SPARK PLUG

A new way to stimulate a horse's performance in a race, and an apparently legal one, is to put rubber plugs in the animal's ears. Swedish harness horse trainers in France are experimenting with the idea. A lightweight cord is attached to the plugs, and when the horse comes into the stretch the cord is pulled. The plugs pop out, the horse suddenly hears the roar of the crowd and, because of fright or excitement, surges forward. Some trainers claim an unplugged horse can gain half a length on its rivals down the stretch.

Bettors will not be impressed. One can imagine a disgruntled loser muttering, "The bum pulled the plug too soon."

PRO SNOW STILL GO

Criticism of the Pro Bowl as an unnecessary addendum to an already overlong football season led Tex Schramm of the Dallas Cowboys to suggest it be played before the preseason exhibition games begin. But with coaches afraid of players getting hurt and players objecting to even longer preseason practice than they have now, Schramm's suggestion seems to have little or no chance. And the Pro Bowl will not be dropped even though 1) the players are not wild about it (they like the honor of being picked but not the chore of playing in it), 2) as an artistic performance it is usually a flop and 3) as a gate attraction it is usually a bomb. But it is a big hit on TV, probably because it is the only show in town and football's last gasp until next season. Thus, it makes money, and because a good part of that money goes to the pension fund, the players will dutifully rally round and Super Sunday will continue to be followed a week later by the Anticlimax Bowl.

MITTY ON THE TEE

Even middle-aged men have adolescent daydreams of running back a Super Bowl kickoff for a touchdown or hitting a grand-slam home run in the World Series. What happened last week to a 44-year-old Californian named Bill Flowers was less melodramatic, but it was good enough.

Last year Flowers' 20-year-old daughter wrote to the *Oakland Tribune's* "Action Line" department asking for help in getting her golfing father invited to play in the Bing Crosby National Pro-Amateur tournament. "I know it is hard to get an invitation," she said, "but I would like very much to see him play in it." She added that he was an excellent golfer, which was true. Flowers plays to a two handicap, has won his club championship six of the last eight years and won a fund-raising tournament for the U.S. Open by eight strokes.

Months went by. Then last November a letter came from Crosby himself saying he would see what he could do, and in December Flowers was officially invited. "I was in shock," he said. "It was a super feeling." The Walter Mitty experience did not end there. At the Crosby, Flowers found himself paired with Orville Moody, who but for a missed short putt would have won the tournament. Which meant that last Sunday Bill Flowers, the club golfer, was on nationwide television. What a shame he could not somehow have been home at the same time to watch himself.

THEY SAID IT

• Steve Carlton, Philadelphia Phillie pitching star, who was signed by General Manager Paul Owens for a reported $165,000: "I'd have played for nothing, but Paul insisted I take something."

• Marvin Barnes, Providence College center, on what it would mean to beat UCLA: "You beat those guys and you've beaten history, an institution and the gods. You're famous for life." END

15 Examples of Psychology Today



SPARE THE ROO USE BEHAVIOR MOO

Instead of spending years searching for the cause of troublesome behavior in a child argue the behavior modification therapists why not just change the behavior? There are startling examples of the effectiveness of this approach

CLAPTRAP ABOUT AGING

Contrary to popular belief old per sons are not necessarily lonely or desolate Few evel show overt signs of senility Tor those who do psy chological and psychiatric treat ment is by no means futile



HOW GROUPTHINK LED TO VIETNAM

In terms of group dynam the presi dential advisors on Vietnam and other foreign policy disasters were victim of what the author calls groupth nk end he describes eight symptoms to watch out for in decision-making



UNDERSTANOING CHILDREN S ART

An educator who has collected and studied more than a million pieces of chi ldren s art ovat the past 20 yeers has made some starling discoveries. Chi ldren s scribblings and drawings sho says contain e voluminous written mes sage which has not yet been completely deciphered



WHY MANY BRIGHT WOMEN FEAR SUCCESS

Controlled experiments showed that women are about seven times as likely as men to have anxieties about the poss bility of successful achievement "Consciously or unconsciously the girl equates intellectual achievement with loss of femininity"





THE WIZARD OF OZ AS THERAPIST

The amazing parallels between the story of Oz and the experience of individual therapy Dorothy is the patient The Wizard is the therapist who appears first as a monster then as a fraud then simply as a good and helpful person

LEARNING THE VIOLIN AT AGE 4

Psychological secrets of teaching thousands of small Japanese children to play the violin so beautifully that it moved Pablo Casals to tears



SUPPOSE YOU WERE HITLER'S ANALYST?

He comes to you because he is troubled by guilt fee ings over his ruthless gran diose plans and asks you to help him get rid of these disturbing feelings What should you do?



GUILT-EOGEO GIVING

Tests in behavioral labs support recent theories that charitable behavior is motivated by guilt and shame Empathy plays an important part too





HOW TO QUIT SMOKING

A report on the varying ef fectiveness of different techniques including hav ing smoke blown back into your face doubling your smoking and then stop ping electric shock and role playing

WE'RE ALL NON-CONSCIOUS SEXISTS

Proof that nonconscious as sumptions about e woman s natural talents (or lack of them) are as widespread among women es among men Identical writings received significantly lower ratings when attributed to female authors



THE MOBICENTRIC EXECUTIVE

Today s job hopping executive values motion not because it leads to change but because it IS change More and more however he is the one who reaches the top rather than the plodding insider



IS THE CROWD REALLY MADDING?

To find out e researcher studied volunteers in crowded living conditions The results were not what you might expect



EMOTIONS IN YOUR FINGERTIPS

The language of emotions leaps all cultural barriers In every society tested each person expressed the same emotions with the same move ments of finger muscles



THE IMPORTANCE OF SAVING FACE

When why and how do we need to engage in face-saving? Lessons learned in behavioral lab studies can help mediators settle conflicts in negotiations



You don't have to be a professional psychologist, counselor, or social worker (although many of our readers are) to enjoy Psychology Today. If the examples above turn you on, you are invited to tune in.

Psychological discoveries have progressed as far from Freud's id and Pavlov's salivating dogs as rockets have from kites and balloons. But until now it has been difficult for the well-read layman to keep up.

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Our 8-day week gives you more time for your money.

Sports Illustrated
FEBRUARY 5, 1973

THE 10th MAN COMETH

The American League's designated hitter rule has sparked a storm of controversy—and instant deepthink over who's going to swing for whom

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

When winter comes the average baseball manager pads into his cave and pulls the shades. An astute wife could collect his life insurance. Maybe twice. But not this winter, not in the American League. Last week, at a time when basketball and hockey normally would shut baseball out, the managers were wide awake and shuffling through the first awkward steps of a fascinating new dance, the designated-pinch-hitter polka.

In the brief space of time since baseball came out for semi-revolution, opinions have erupted everywhere about the DPH rule, which has been sponsored by the hit- and gate-poor American League but shunned by the National. And a vast number of experts have done what they usually do so expertly—widened their knowledge by narrowing their vision. They predict a great humiliation for the grand old game. Stony traditionalists are cackling. "If the rule had been in effect 55 years ago Babe Ruth would have been just another good left-handed pitcher. He would never have got to bat." There are those who assert baseball's hallowed statistics will become meaningless. Wits are abroad: Will the man who hits for Gaylord Perry be called a designated spitter? Will a player who jumps his club be replaced by a designated quitter?

Fact of the matter is, the American League stands an excellent chance of making the game more exciting and drawing more fans to the ball parks, and anyway deserves its day in court. Meanwhile, managers are too hard pressed to argue about baseball's loss of purity: they are combing their rosters for possible DPHs—and expending no little thought on how, exactly, they should be used.

There are some pretty fair bat swingers to noodle around with. Of the six American Leaguers with lifetime averages of .300 after five years of experience, at least five (Rico Carty, Tony Oliva, Al Kaline, Frank Robinson and Matty Alou) seem certain to see some DPH service, as do the league's top home run hitters of past seasons—Harmon Killebrew, Frank Howard, Dick Allen and Bill Melton.



Just another good left-handed pitcher?

New leaseholds on playing life will abound—one of the most wondrous being that accorded to Old Fair Catch Rico Carty. Mark him down as DPH-in-chief for Whitey Herzog's Texas Rangers. If nothing else is accomplished, the rule will enable the fans to name at least this Ranger. Ted Williams has said that the hardest thing to do in sports is to hit a pitched baseball. Well, not for Rico Carty. Hitting the thing is no problem; catching it is what hurts. So the self-proclaimed "Beeg Boy" of the Atlanta Braves for nine seasons may be the perfect DPH. In 1970 his average was .366, highest in the big leagues since 1957 when Williams hit .388.

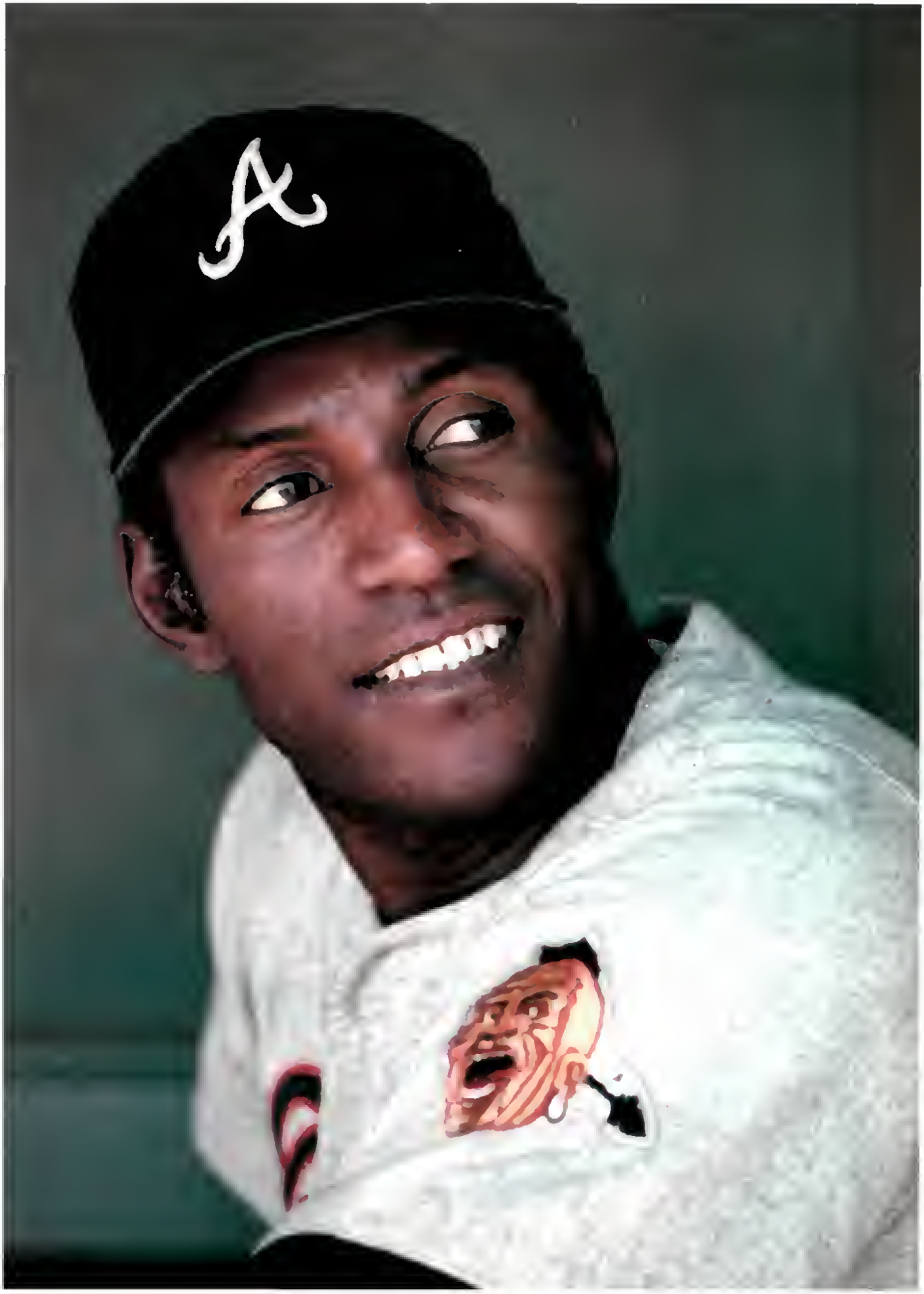
Carty once ran a batting streak to 31, but since 1968 he has also had streaks of another kind: tuberculosis, a crushed knee, three shoulder separations, a broken jaw, a beating administered by three Atlanta policemen, a restaurant destroyed by fire and, not least, omission from the All-Star ballot in that .366 year. (The fans, of course, knew what Rico was worth, he became the only write-in candidate to earn a starting spot, drawing 552,382 votes.) But when Rico goes to the outfield Little League coaches all over the land pale at the example he provides the young. Once he manages to knock a ball down he turns it into steak tartare with his magical hands. "It is almost worth feeding him a couple of hits a game just to keep him in the outfield," says California's Bill Grabarkewitz.

Herzog plans to hit Carty variously in the three-, four- or five-spot in the batting order. "That way I can play him every day," says Whitey. "Sure, it may be a bit of a problem keeping him in shape, but if necessary I'll run 10 laps a day with him myself."

When the new rule was passed, a lot of the trades made prior to its adoption suddenly took on a different meaning. Carty was traded to Texas for Jim Pan-

continued

Rico Carty, who hit .366 for the 1970 Braves, is windfall DPH for the weak Texas Rangers.





Minnesota's Killebrew can swat 'em long.

10th MAN *continued*

ther, a pitcher with a lifetime record of 5-10, a low yield for the Braves since the market value for Carty would be high if the DPH rule had been in effect when the deal was made. The Oakland A's had released Orlando Cepeda, getting nothing in return, and Cepeda was snatched by Boston soon after DPH day. Charlie Finley may have a Boston curse, a few seasons back he got so mad at Ken Harrelson that he set him adrift, and the Hawk had a spectacular, if brief, career with the Red Sox.

But the A's cupboard is not bare. World Series hero Gene Tenace could find himself in the DPH position, and if Reggie Jackson has not completely recovered from his leg injury he could be brought back slowly as a DPH. (Manager Dick Williams, an accomplished juggler, is also faced with a parole problem left over from last year. Bert Campaneris, the A's leadoff man, is suspended for the first seven days of the new season because of the bat-throwing incident in the playoff against Detroit.)

In Cleveland, Alex Johnson, the 1970 A.L. batting champion, is emerging as a hot DPH prospect as the Indians try to build a new young outfield. Dick Allen of the White Sox, last year's home run and RBI champ, can now be used in the second games of doubleheaders—a product of the DPH rule that will be given close study all over the league. Chicago has 10 doubleheaders on the schedule; rain undoubtedly will create others. That means Allen might accumulate as many as 40 additional at bats. At first Manager Chuck Tanner did not like the DPH rule, but he is beginning to see some merit in it. "I want a player like Dick Allen on the field as much as he can be there," Tanner says. "He has leadership ability that we need, and the rule gives you the chance of not losing the bat of one of your regulars, even though you are giving him a breather. We will not put one man in the DPH spot and keep him there all year. I plan to maneuver around with it. Some players hit better cold than others."

The New York Yankees are beginning to see another dimension in Matty Alou, whose lifetime average is .310. They got him from the A's after the Series. Matty could hit anywhere in Ralph Houk's batting order. Felipe Alou, John Callison, Thurman Munson, Ron Swoboda and Ron Blomberg may also be in and out of the Yankee lineup. New York had an excellent hitting roster before the rule was passed and it looks even better now. As for Detroit, it has a veritable thicket of potential DPH men. Consider Kaline, Frank Howard, Norm Cash and Gates Brown for openers.

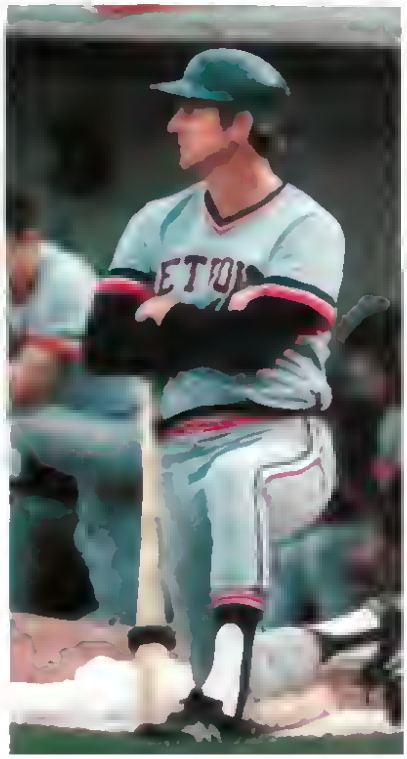
Since the day the DPH came into being, Minnesota's Frank Quilici, the youngest (33) manager in the majors, has been fantasizing lineups. "I keep a pad and pencil handy at all times," he says. "I was a utility player throughout my big-league career; I know going to bat only once every two or three weeks is no cinch. Now utility players can be used more often. No question, the rule is going to keep a manager on his toes. It is going to be a more stimulating job, because investigation of other teams will have to be done in greater detail. Some people may be apprehensive about the DPH, but everything has to have a beginning."

Minnesota made as many trades at the winter baseball meetings in Hawaii as any other team, but the question about the 1973 Twins continues to be the condition of their three-time batting champion, Oliva. Does he have DPH written all over him? Quilici isn't so sure. "Oliva works out three hours a day, seven days a week trying to get his knee back in shape. If Tony is not ready to play every day in right field, I'll surely use him as a designated hitter at times. But once a player's legs go they don't only go on defense or the base path. They go in hitting, too. I'd really prefer to have both Oliva and Killebrew in the regular lineup.

"I went in to see Calvin Griffith the other day, and he asked me how much thinking I had given to our designated hitter. I put 15 different lineups on his desk. Mr. Griffith laughed. If he only knew how many I'd worked out before I showed him those."

While Quilici and his peers are plotting, the pitchers are giving heavy, often troubled, thought to the strange new batless world that lies ahead. The anti-DPH pitchers naturally tend to be those who hit best. Clyde Wright of the California Angels (.217) says defiantly, "I'm taking a bat to spring training. Hitting is a challenge. They'll have to tell me I can't hit." Wright may be less adamant when someone like Frank Robinson, a renowned clutch hitter, turns up to win Clyde's game. Says Jim Palmer, the brilliant Oriole righthander who had seven game-winning hits for himself last season, "Sitting in the dugout, not going to bat, will make me feel like I'm not part of the game." Palmer also says,

Detroit's Kaline should get some more cuts.



"On the positive side, I'll be able to pitch longer. I won't go out for a pinch hitter when I might be trailing by one run in the late innings. It will give me a chance to catch up. And there are times in Baltimore, with its humid weather, when hitting and running the bases takes something out of you."

Rollie Fingers, the spectacular reliever who also hit .316 for Oakland, agrees that "half the fun of pitching is being able to hit." Catfish Hunter of the A's is annoyed, too. "It means I'll have to face another good hitter, and what's good about that? But maybe he won't feel he's in the game. The pressure will be on him real strong. If he goes 0 for 4, he's a failure. If, some days, a fine fielder doesn't get a hit he can still feel he's done a job. As for me, I want to bat. I want to be in the whole game."

The most important factual document pertaining to the DPH is kept in a desk drawer in the office of Carl Steinfeldt, the 32-year-old general manager of the Rochester Red Wings of the International League, which experimented with a DPH rule during the 1969 season. On the last three days of the season 5,000 questionnaires were given out to spectators at Rochester. The fans were asked to return them at their own expense, and 3,322 were completed. The verdict was 59% in favor of the DPH, 31% against and 10% on the fence. By Presidential election standards, that is landslide popularity.

Tiger Scout Jack Tighe, one of the most respected men in baseball, managed the Toledo team in the International League in 1969. He says, "I am amazed at many of the objections people have raised about the rule. It doesn't take that much strategy out of the game. When a pitcher comes to bat nowadays, the fans go out to the hot-dog stands. The rule we had in the International League was stiff; no exceptions were made to give any manager a tactical advantage."

That International League season of 1969 provided some interesting statistics, which may or may not be useful guides to the road ahead; the minors aren't the majors. But, as compared with the previous year, the number of shutouts dropped from 103 to 67, complete games rose from 311 to 362, home runs increased by 16, sacrifice hits decreased by 50 and intentional walks by 51. Run production was up 7%.

From the fans' point of view, the suddenness with which the American League adopted the DPH rule has been one of its drawbacks. There was virtually no preliminary public debate and no precedent for such an abrupt and radical move. Joe Cronin, the league president, has been besieged with questions since the original announcement on Jan. 11. From the first the public was told that the DPH could not play a defensive position, but now that part of the rule is undergoing reexamination—and conceivably could be changed. One cited reason for such a change is the case of the second-string catcher. He would never be used by a manager as a DPH because, if the starting catcher were hurt—as often happens—there would be nobody left to catch.

"Look," says Jim Campbell, the Detroit general manager, who was against adopting the DPH in only one league, "we voted to accept this rule with the understanding that the designated hitter will *not* be used on defense. Are we now going to have to go out and explain a different kind of rule to the public? One of the finest things about baseball is that everyone knows our rules. The worst thing we can do if we want to get this one off is to further confuse the fans. If a team is worried about the second-string catcher, then it can carry a third-string catcher."

Obviously, the American League did not spend enough time or legwork researching the DPH rule before it loosed it on the public. When it does come forward with its refined rule it had better be a lucid one.

There may be tremors of doubt on the part of the National League, but its present firm position against the DPH seems likely to stand. The Little League, Babe Ruth League and American Legion have so far also said nay. But several top colleges have adopted the DPH for the 1973 season. Eddie Stanky, formerly manager of the Cardinals and White Sox and now baseball coach at the University of South Alabama, likes the innovation. "We use it in about 80% of our games," Eddie says. "The fans love it. The pitcher who can hit is becoming extinct."

In the next few weeks—the Lord and Marvin Miller willing—1,000 baseball players will be going to spring training, 500 in one direction and 500 in another. The best "talk" game in the land



Chicago's Allen will be the twin-bill DPH.

has its liveliest morsel for debate in many a year. The game most susceptible to subtle strategic manipulation has a toothsome and obscure new gambit to explore and exploit. The prosecution is already delivering its loud summation to the jury. But the defense will soon get its turn at bat. **AND**

Oakland's Alou takes his .310 to Yankees.




ELLIS
35
CELTICS
18
NEW YORK
22

OH, THE KNICKS HAVE THE KNACK

All season long New York has been winning the close ones, but the 111–108 and 96–93 heart-stoppers over Boston last weekend were the biggest, the Knicks closing to within half a game of first place **by PETER CARRY**

It was not at all unusual that the toughest ticket in New York last Saturday night was for a Knickerbocker game. What was a little out of the ordinary was the oddly attired gent standing among all the regulars in fake-fur-collared car coats and plastic fedoras scalping tickets outside Madison Square Garden. He wore a uniform similar to that of the arena's special cops and he was yelling, "Hey, who needs a pair?"

Surprisingly, up in Boston, where Celtic rooters have never been confused with Bruin fans, seats were equally scarce for Sunday afternoon's game. It had been sold out for nearly two weeks. For the first time in Celtic history mail requests (2,000 of them) for tickets to a regular-season game had to be returned unfilled. And some proper Bostonians were going to improper lengths to sneak into the Garden. One group phoned Celtic Vice-President Jeff Cohen and tried the old We've Lost Our Tickets bit. It might have worked if the seat numbers they gave had not matched those of some bona fide season-ticket holders.

But such chicanery is fast becoming routine when it comes to the hot new rivalry between pro basketball's only remaining original franchises. It also reflects the fact that the best NBA action is now back in the East, where it almost always used to be before the Milwaukee Bucks and Los Angeles Lakers began to palm the rest of the league and slam-dunk Eastern Conference teams into oblivion in the playoffs. This season the Celtics and Knicks have the most wins in the NBA, and Boston, which at week's end had 40 wins, nine losses and a ½-game lead over New York in the Atlantic Division, may have the most successful year in its illustrious history. At 42-12, New York is matching its title-winning percentage of 1970.

And, by the time the wild weekend was over, New York had earned a pair of tense, badly needed and, all in all, brilliantly played victories. The Knicks won 111–108 at home without Earl Monroe, who was absent because of his mother's death. With Monroe still missing and Forward Bill Bradley ailing—he vomited 11 times the night between the two games—they finished their sweep at Boston 96–93.

Dave DeBusschere's outside shooting—he got 45 points in all—helped the Knicks sweep.

In many seasons past, two Boston-New York games within a 24-hour period would have created about as much excitement as back-to-back dental appointments. During the Celtics' best years the Knicks were had or worse. Over one span in the mid-'60s, they lost 19 consecutive games at Boston Garden. As soon as New York put it together, the Celts fell apart. It was not until last season, when Boston took the divisional title from the Knicks and New York eliminated the Celtics in the conference finals, that the rivalry warmed. In the last season and a half their meetings have been nerve-jangling affairs, with a little overtime here, some disputed calls there and a touch of mayhem in the stands. The full-throated crowds at Madison Square Garden now save some of their most thunderous boos for the introductions of Boston players, particularly John Havlicek and Dave Cowens, and the shrieks, whoops, whistles and stompings that follow each good turn for the home team grow steadily during the game. Both of the Knicks' home victories over the Celtics this season have been by three points and both were played in a tumult. Indeed, there is question whether Boston's Paul Silas or the New York fan is the most valuable sixth man in the NBA.

But New York's edge does not travel with the team and the Knick record shows it. They are 25-1 at home and 17-11 on the road. That made their win in Boston a big one because it was the first time they had defeated one of the league's other four top teams in an away game.

The crowds in Boston have also become unexpectedly excitable, particularly a group calling itself the Rowdy Association of Wakefield, which was nestled in the upper reaches of Boston Garden Sunday, the railing in front of their section draped with an immense banner reading THE KNICKS EAT WET CHICKENS FOR BREAKFAST.

And, for once, it was not merely the fans who were aroused. The players, who rarely attach any significance to mid-season games—until they see how they turn out—admitted the importance of this series in advance. "These two are crucial for us," said New York Captain Willis Reed, who has progressed slowly and steadily in his comeback from last year's long layoff and knee surgery. "We almost have to have a sweep. If Boston sweeps, it will pretty much end it as far as the race in our division is concerned. And if we split, things will remain unchanged, which hurts us and helps them." What concerned Reed most was not the Celts' 2½-game lead, but that they had five fewer losses than the Knicks. The disparity between New York's home and away records indicates that the home-court advantage, which accrues to the division winner, will be an important factor in the playoffs.

The two teams that stirred up all the excitement are at once very much alike and very different. Both are strong defensively, relying on that phase of the game to generate important portions of their offense, and their rosters include some of the most intelligent pros. "There are a lot of very smart ballplayers out there," said Cleveland's chief scout, Jimmy Rodgers, as he watched the teams warm up in New York. "They ought to call this the Cerebral Bowl."

It is on offense that their widely divergent styles show, making a Celt-Knick game not only a match between two very good, smart teams, but a tantalizing contest between two very good, smart teams that want to play at decidedly different paces. Boston is a pure running club, the best in the pros. The Celtics run in almost all offensive situations, not merely when defensive rebounds or steals offer traditional fast-break opportunities. They move the ball upcourt as

continued

rapidly as possible even after taking it inbounds following an opponent's basket. In many out-of-bounds situations, Boston's first pass will be to the midcourt line.

The Celtics' intent is to catch a defender loafing, out of position, or examining his shoe tops, to blow past him and to create a situation where there are more Celts rushing toward the basket than there are men available to protect it. Boston's success is based on the fact that it leads the NBA in rebounding and overall team speed. Cowens, the Most Valuable Player in the All-Star Game and the early favorite to win the league's MVP award, is not only a superb rebounder, but gives the Celtics an extra advantage: he is the only center both fast and energetic enough to regularly participate in the break.

"When most people think of the fast break, they think of three on one, two on one, three on two and the like," said Havlicek, sitting on a training table while his ankles were being taped one night last week. "We have all that, but if we've come down three on three we'll push that too because we know in a second we're going to have five on three unless the other team is really hustling."

No pro team is more proficient than New York at falling back to stop the break, not merely because the Knicks' style emphasizes hustling defense but because their offense tends to keep them in position to retreat rapidly. Although New York will pursue obvious fast-break situations, its attack relies on running pattern plays designed to open jump shots for the team's good outside shooters. As a result, as many as four Knicks are often still far away from the basket when their opponents pull in a defensive rebound—and in perfect position to fall back to stall the fast break.

That is precisely what New York did most successfully in its two wins over Boston. At Madison Square Garden the Knicks allowed the Celtics only 23 points on the run and the next day they were stingier still, permitting 14. Boston was frustrated over and over in these games as Havlicek, Jo Jo White or Don Chaney would race downcourt on the dribble only to meet a Knick—usually Frazier or Bradley—as soon as the midcourt line was crossed. The Knicks were performing the basic tactic against the break, which coaches call "stopping the ball." And they performed it well, almost invariably forcing the Boston ball handler to veer away from the basket, pass off at an inopportune moment or stop dribbling.

Once the Knicks had stopped the ball, their set defense could form and the Celts were obliged to play the New York game—pattern basketball. But just as New York has developed a defensive plan to halt Boston's running, the Celts have countered with a strategy to bottle up the Knicks' set offense. The basis of New York's attack is a series of plays which includes large numbers of picks staggered throughout the offensive zone. At each picking point the offense has several alternatives depending on the reaction of the defense. If the options do not pan out at one pick, the offense simply moves on to another, figuring quite correctly that the defense will tire of fighting through screens. Driving through a pro pick with its jam-up of huge bodies, all shoving, gouging and laying on elbows and knees is not one of life's enduring pleasures.

In the case of the Knicks, they also have plays to take advantage of the defender who anticipates a pick and tries to beat the New York player to it. The offensive man will then abruptly double back around another pick and usually end up with a wide-open shot. One such play is code-named Turkey and frequently ends up with Bradley shooting a short jumper behind a pick set along the baseline. He will not reveal exactly how the play works, but he claims there is a reward for the man who executes it properly. "Any guy who scores on the Turkey play is allowed to go gobble, gobble, gobble all the way down the floor."

To prevent themselves from being gobbled up by the New York shooters, the Celts play a defense that switches at almost every pick. It is a strategy many other teams cannot afford to use because switching means that mismatches can develop with small men on tall ones and slow ones on fast ones. Since the Celtic guards are none too small and their big men none too slow, they can take the risk.

"We'll run through two or three options on a play, but if nothing works and we get down below 10 seconds on the shooting clock, we just junk it and play basketball," said Frazier before the first Boston game. And in both games the Knicks were frequently forced to shoot junk shots from far outside as the 24-second clock ticked down.

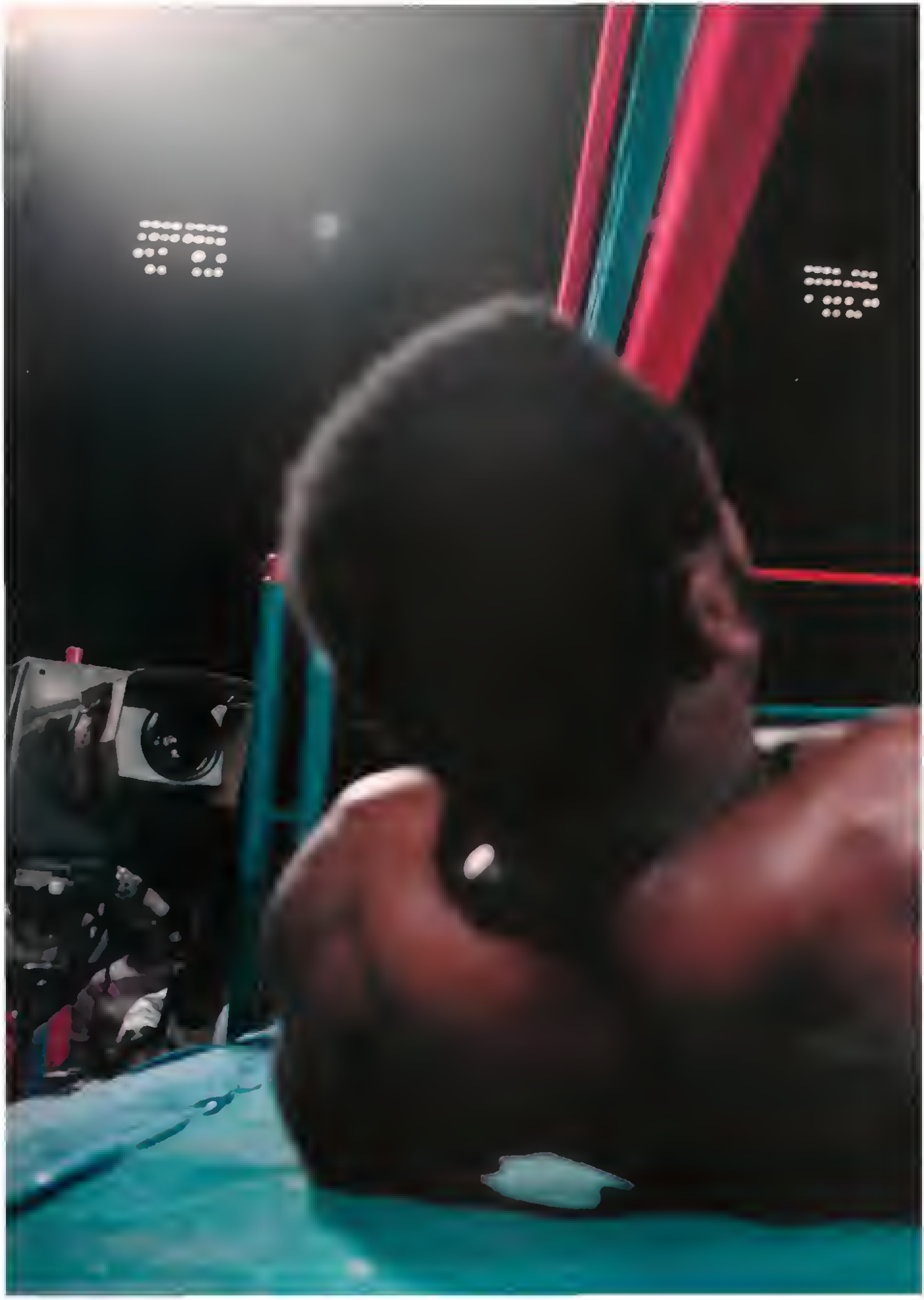
It was the effectiveness of both teams' defensive strategies that kept the games close. In the end New York won because Boston was unable to control Frazier, who worked effortlessly under pressure in the closing minutes of play.

At Madison Square Garden neither team ever led by more than seven points. Every time the Knicks ground out a slim lead a burst of Celtic fast breaks would even things up. There were 12 lead changes and 10 ties before Frazier took over with 1:53 remaining and Boston ahead 104-101. Chaney was dribbling the ball upcourt and just as he changed the ball from his right hand to his left, one of his teammates ran past his left side. The ball struck the teammate's foot and bounced free. Before Chaney could react, Frazier scooped it up and fired a lead pass to Monroe's replacement, Dean Meminger, for an unmolested layup. When Cowens missed a shot during Boston's next possession, Frazier, who led the Knicks in scoring (25), rebounding (13) and assists (10), took the rebound and worked one on one for an 18-foot jumper from the left side that put New York in front. Stumbling back after he shot, Frazier saw that Silas was about to inbound to Chaney, who had his back turned to Frazier. Walt dashed in front of the Celtic guard, swiped the ball just as it reached Chaney's hands and made the reverse layup that sealed New York's win.

The next day in Boston the Celts played their poorest first half of the season and trailed by as many as 17 points early in the third period. Later in the quarter Coach Tommy Heinsohn switched Havlicek from forward to guard and Boston's tempo and its pattern play improved. Four times in the closing four minutes the Celtics narrowed New York's lead to one point. They never caught the Knicks, as Frazier scored nine points in the same amount of time, but his heroics were not quite enough to hold off Boston. With 17 seconds left to play, Cowens' hooking layup cut New York's lead to 94-93. This time in their attempt to regain possession of the ball the Celts fouled Meminger. The little sub converted both of his attempts. And that was just the pair of tickets New York needed. **END**

The action was rugged, an irresistible Havlicek meeting an immovable Frazier, and Reed and Cowens battling beneath the boards.


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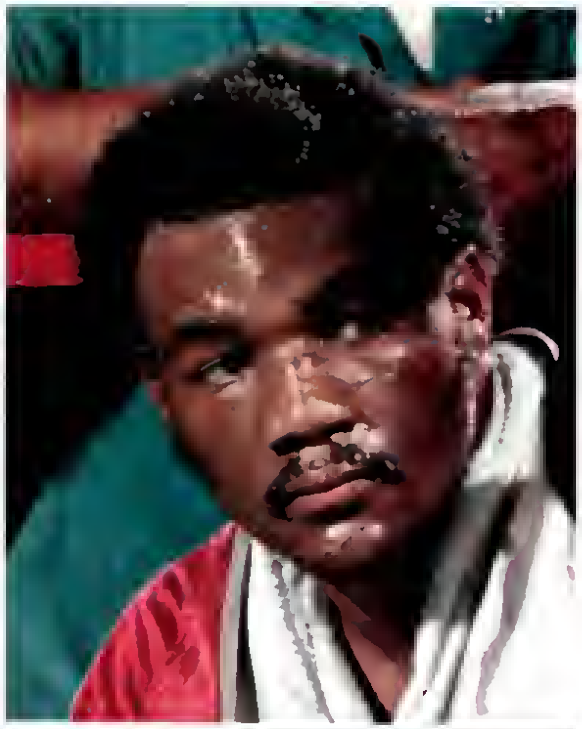




YOU BETTER BELIEVE IT

So said Joe Frezier, predicting the defeet of George Foreman. But Joe was no visionery on this Jameicen night. His fortunes went down—end down end down—es Foreman showed he wes the one you better believe. A journel of the happenings in Kingston follows

CONTINUED








JOE

AN EYE FOR AN EYE AND A TOOTH FOR A . . .

by GEORGE PLIMPTON

The fight is two days off. I called on Joe Frazier at the Sheraton-Kingston Hotel. The champion was lying on his bed wearing a pair of boxing trunks and a T shirt. "How're you feelin'? How're you feelin'?" He has the habit of repeating his sentences. It was surprisingly hard to get him to talk about Foreman. He seemed almost to shrug him off. Frazier's manager Yank Durham, had announced (utilizing the manager's traditional use of the personal pronoun), "I'm going to take him in the first round." I asked the fighter if that was right. "You better believe it," he said. "You better believe it."

Had he watched Foreman fight or studied films of him? Wasn't that important? Frazier shook his head almost contemptuously. "I'm concerned about preparing *myself*," he said. "What help is it to scout another man? Even sparring partners don't work like your opponent in the fight. So I work on *my* strengths. Let the other guy do the best he can." He folded his hands on his stomach. "I met George in New York. He said he was ready. In Omaha. He said he was ready. In New Orleans. He said he was ready. Saw him last Monday. He said he was ready. Well, *I'm* ready. You better believe it."

His room was filled with the paraphernalia of boxing—a small medicine ball, gloves for the light bag, sweat suits. Wires snaked from a small transformer on the floor to a cassette player. A Bible lay next to him on the bed.

"When the fight time comes, I hate everyone," he was saying. "It's the eight weeks of training that does it. You hate the man for making you spend the length of time it takes to whup him."

"Is it the roadwork that you dislike?"

"That's part of it," he said. "We run at five in the morning—all the fighters. It's black and quiet then, except for the dogs. A few people are going to work. A bus goes by. Maybe a cab. We can look over the hedge and see lights shining in a few of the houses where folks are getting up. The moon be up, very high. Sometimes we come around a corner and maybe a woman is waiting on a bus. She sees us and she don't know, seeing all these men running, if we're running *away* from someone, or maybe running *at* her, and she can get nervous. It's nice out there. The guy in the car following us plays tapes, so we have music to listen to when we run. Al Green's group . . . *I'm Still in Love with You Pretty Woman, Love and Happiness*."

I said, "They don't sound like the kind of titles to pump up a fighter."

"It's the beat," he said. "You know what I mean. They got a good beat."

"Did you ever run into George Foreman out there?"

"He runs at 6:30. In Detroit once, we catch up to Bob Foster and pass him when he's doing his roadwork. We didn't say nothing. We just went right on by." He grinned.

"So you're ready."

"You better believe it."

SANDY SADDLER, *George Foreman's Assistant Trainer*

Frazier can fight only one way. He'll never learn another. His style is to keep on top of you. But Foreman is the biggest and strongest heavyweight around. It's a question of turning him loose. It's going to be easy . . . that's all.

ARCHIE MOORE, *Foreman's Other Trainer*

We know that Joe Frazier can hurt him if he hits him. So we have to stop the Frazier barrage at arm's length—to meet it with the jab. George's jab was the weakest part of his equipment. He was dropping his hand after throwing the punch. We taught him how to work it like a piston—pop-pop-pop.

Howard Cosell, who will be doing the broadcast for ABC's *Wide World of Sports*, was sitting on the terrace of the Stony Hill Hotel, watching the lights of Kingston come on far below the valley. Cosell was wearing a pair of Bermuda shorts. He stretched his legs. "Take a gander at these limbs," he said. "At the PSAL championship held in 1931 at the 168th Street Armory in Manhattan, these legs carried me to a second-place finish in the standing broad jump. My wife wears the silver medal on her charm bracelet. Don't you, Emi?"

She nodded.

Cosell is a Foreman supporter. "I have been with George since the 1968 Olympics in Mexico City when he took out the Russian, Ionis Chepulis, on a TKO in the second round," he announced in the darkness, intoning the name, place and date with relish. "Tomorrow night, there are going to be some shocked people throughout the world."

Someone asked Cosell about the worst fight he had ever witnessed.

"The Fullmer-Benvenuti fight on Dec. 14, 1968 in a San Remo theater. I said at the time, and over the air, that what the light fan was watching was a silent Italian movie."

He leaned out of his chair. "You're staying at the Sheraton? Look at this," he said, sweeping a hand at the opulent setting—wicker birdcages hanging among the palm fronds, gaunt wooden carvings standing in the shadows, everywhere the plash of fountains. "How inelegant and pedestrian to be staying elsewhere. Emi and I are living in the Errol Flynn suite where, I have been told by the proprietor of this hostelry, Flynn watched Beverly Aadland dance in the nude. We have a pet lizard that comes in from time to time. I have named him Roscoe."

"Why Roscoe?"

"Because he *is* Roscoe." Cosell said, rearing out of his chair. "What other name is possible?"

Ken Norton, the seventh-ranked heavyweight, was talking about Foreman. "He stinks. He's going to need a bunch of luck. He's got a hard jab, but he misses it and goes off balance. And it's so hard that he can't do anything off it, like hook. And as for his big punches, you can pack a lunch before they get there. He'll last five rounds."

"If you're wrong," a Frazier supporter said, "I'm eating beans."

Over in the Skyline Hotel is a fighter who has been in a bout with George Foreman. He is a Jamaican heavyweight who

continued

The bout began with glares and stares. After, Foreman was elated, suffering only a tooth mark on a glove. Frazier showed the hurt.

fights out of Miami and is known as the Big Bamboo, a sobriquet invented by the group of stockbrokers from Toronto who discovered him. His real name is Stamford Antonarias, and everyone calls him Harris, or Two-O-Two, which is his weight. He is very popular among the cab drivers who stand in front of the hotels because he is a local fighter and has been in there with George, and what was that like? He has a round face, the size of a small pumpkin, with a few of his front teeth missing, and he has obviously suffered in the boxing wars, though he remains cheerful and honest about his record.

"I fought George Chuvalo in a main event up in Alberta and got stopped in two. I fought Jerry Quarry and got cut in six. I went against George Foreman and got knocked out in the first."

"It was the second," a bystander said.

"Oh yeah, it was the second," the Big Bamboo said gratefully. "To be in there with George Foreman and get away from his shots is very difficult. His hands are very fast. He punches. . . ." He paused. "Oh, mon," he said in his natural lilt, which sounds almost Scottish. "To box with George you must get low and very close. He's dangerous at far range. If I ever fight him again, I'd fight him much closer." He looked very dubious about the possibility. "Yeah," he suddenly said brightly. "It *was* the second round. Sure, mon, it was." The Big Bamboo really seemed quite pleased with himself.

The Foreman camp has an odd gypsy air about it. It is full of soothsayers, dreamers, tea-leaf readers as well as self-styled motivators, who give a desperate quality to the Foreman enterprise, as if they were going to rely largely on a Jovian thunderbolt arching down from the hills to dispatch the champion. For example, Doc Broadus, the man who first tied the gloves on Foreman when he was in the Job Corps, told about a dream he'd had in which Foreman knocked out Frazier between the first round and the seventh; he hoped to have another dream before the fight to narrow that down somewhat. Archie Moore dreamed that it was going to be between the first and the fifth, and he said this morning that he'd asked Foreman to pick a number between one and five and Foreman had picked four. "So the knockout will take place in the fourth round," Archie said. He was very positive about it.

This gypsy atmosphere is certainly encouraged by the most important member of the Foreman entourage, Dick Sadler, the fighter's manager, who is a small round man of excessive carnival tendencies. Endowed with a husky circus barker's voice, he is driven by a compulsive need to entertain, a comic figure essentially, who often doffs his golfing hat in theatrical gestures, takes bows and makes curtsies. He breaks into a soft-shoe at unexpected moments, as if his feet were independent and dance-prone; in the Pub, which is the bar of the Skyline Hotel where Foreman is quartered, he sits at the upright piano in the late hours and plays splendid Fats Waller interpretations, with a few bawdy songs thrown in, all of which is greeted with tumultuous applause by Foreman supporters, a sound that must drift up the facade of the luxury hotel to where the challenger is trying to sleep on the top floor. What can he make of it all?

Even Sandy Sadler seems divorced from the boxing world. Thin as a stick, with black hair lacquered smooth against his skull, a gold religious medal hanging from his neck, he wears such a big easy smile that one forgets that in the ring 20 years ago he was as savage a fighter as ever lived. And Archie Moore, his partner, knocked out more people than any other fighter in the record books.

On Archie's bureau was a red rubber mouse, the type that squeaks when pressed. "George and I play Ping-Pong," Moore said, "and at certain points during the game we play for the mouse. The loser of the point has to pick up the mouse right there at the table and squeak it. That's right. Man or mouse. It's a good mental exercise. Every fighter must have a belief that he can do anything he wants. The mouse is helping." Moore picked it up and squeaked it. "I like the man who puts priorities in perspective. I like a man who wants to win the championship of the world."

Drew (Bundini) Brown went to see George Foreman in his last workout. He is Muhammad Ali's noted associate, an ebullient handler who made up the slogan "Float like a butterfly, sting like a bee." He favors Joe Frazier in this fight, since a Frazier victory will clean up the top of the heavyweight slate and leave a simple confrontation between Frazier and Ali that can only be resolved by a second "Fight of the Century." But Bundini likes Foreman and his style as a human, if not as a fighter, and the expediency of supporting Frazier has been difficult. In Foreman's dressing room Bundini watched Archie Moore tape the challenger's hands for his workout on the heavy bag. Bundini had never seen so much protective tape and gauze and bandage used.

"I think maybe his hands is broken," he whispered.

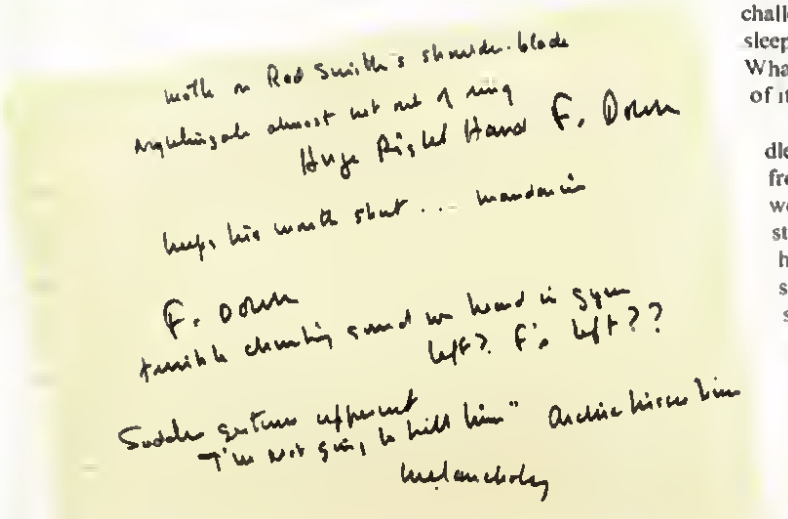
Dick Sadler and Bundini began talking about the hardest punches they had ever seen thrown. Both of them agreed that one of them was Rocky Marciano's hit on Ezzard Charles in their last fight—a blow, as Bundini described it, that landed under "the goozle pipe . . . which swole up so the neck and chin became the same." Throughout this Foreman remained quiet, watching Moore put on the tape.

Out in the gym it was Foreman's work on the big bag that was eye-catching, to say the least. He worked against a target held motionless, measuring every blow, and the concussive sound of each punch echoed in the vast gym.

Dick Sadler held the big bag for him,

continued

Notes made at ringside reflect the swift, savage fight.



"Old Friends"



How good it is

Winston tastes good, when a cigarette should.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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both arms clasped around it like a sailor clutching the mainmast in a hurricane, leaning into it, and when Foreman landed his enormous socking punches Sadler was jolted back and his white hat bounced slightly on his head. He wore a look of considerable foreboding as he held the bag, as if the force hitting it was ultimately unearthly and uncontainable. The drill was immensely impressive and brought to mind Sonny Liston's camps. One came away from them with an equivalent sense of a fighter's invincibility.

Bundini was scornful. "What good is that? He's hitting something that don't move. They should let the bag swing free. Frazier's not going to stand still for him. They're depending on his power alone. It's like a kid using a gun without a sight. He don't know what to hit. He'll hit the ropes, the referee." He shook his head. "But my goodness I can see why they handage up those hands. That man can punch."

The weigh-in took place in the huge gym where Foreman earlier had been lambasting the heavy bag. In the distance old women in green smocks mopped the floor, heads down, as if the odd ritual was something beyond understanding. It *is* odd. Traditionally, the weigh-in exists for bouts in which there are certain weight specifications. For heavyweights, of course, that distinction does not exist. Still, the suspense was there. Foreman weighed 217½, Frazier 214, almost nine pounds over what he weighed for the Ali fight. Each fighter's weight was greeted with a predictable spatter of applause, although it is difficult to say why. Maybe a fighter should be applauded for making the weight in a certain class, and one could understand a reaction from the crowd if the announcer said, "Well, we have a little surprise here; Two-Ton Tony Galento is coming in at 130 pounds."

The staring at the weigh-in, which caused all the subsequent speculation, began when Frazier elbowed Foreman away from the scales, feeling the challenger was too close to him, and Foreman responded with a long even gaze, his jaw moving slightly on gum as he tried to catch the champion's eye. He finally did so, when he himself was on the scale and the champion was standing below him. A considerable height differential was involved, and it seemed that Foreman had won himself an enormous psychological advantage. He towered over Frazier to such an extent, being up on the scale, and taller anyway, that he seemed to be looking over a windowsill at the other man. They remained stock-still, locked in the tension of two chameleons staring at each other, with the writers gibbering with excitement, staring at them. Frazier turned away first. He had backed down.

Half an hour before fight time Howard Cosell came by, pink-faced from too much exposure to the Jamaican sun. Indicating the huge crowd back in the darkness (an estimated 40,000), he commented, "Boyle's Thirty Acres. Jack Dempsey vs. Georges Carpentier. 1921. But you know that. You were there." A cackle of laughter and he disappeared around the corner of the ring.

Back here in the hotel I have spent some time trying to decipher the notes scribbled during the four-odd minutes it took George Foreman to dismantle Joe Frazier. The first notations are relatively easy. Red Smith, the columnist for *The New York Times*, was sitting two tables ahead of me in the press section and, just before the fight started, a moth landed on the back of his seersucker jacket, on the right shoulder blade. I noted it, thinking if the light were dull I could keep an eye on the moth to see how many rounds it stayed on Mr. Smith's coat. I did not think to look for it again. The allusion to the nightingale getting out of the ring is not as puzzling as one might suppose, it being a reference to the Jamaican ring announcer, Dwight (Nightingale) Whylie. He had never seen a major boxing event, much less announced one, and at the moment the two fighters were waved together by the referee to begin the bout Whylie was standing inside the ring, leaning on the top rope and seemingly about to raise his arm to wave to someone he had recognized in the $75 seats. Perhaps the tremor of the ring under those first quick steps of the fighters alerted him. I don't know, but the smile froze on his face and, without daring to look around, he ducked through the ropes.

The next note is "huge right hand," which I set down because Foreman led with it, one of his first punches, which presumably would have opened him up for a counter by Frazier's most fearsome weapon, his left hook. Schoolboys are taught not to lead with the right hand. "F down" refers to a Frazier knockdown, and "Keeps his mouth shut . . . Mandarin" was to remind me of Foreman's composure at that time—aloof, cool, in such contrast to his opponent, who was stumbling, the glazed smooth white of his mouthpiece showing.

The next block of scribbling describes the second round. "F down" is, of course, a reference to another Frazier knockdown. What one can decipher of the next sentence alludes to the terrible something-or-other "we heard in the gym"—that Frazier was being subjected to the same awesome blows Foreman delivered to the big punching bag. The question marks that follow "left" and "F's left" probably refer to the inability of Frazier to do anything with his famous left hook. I remember watching it in that second round, and seeing it flail a few times, but it was in the throes of his dilemma, like a dying animal's tail flopping over, and after the fight Foreman was reported to have said of the punch, "You mean *that* thing was his hook?"

The next fragment, "Sadler gestures uppercut," recalls a vivid picture—the little manager on the steps in his corner, his face contorted, his arm pumping up, and then Foreman, looking directly at him, following orders and producing the uppercut that sent Frazier down for the last time. It was at this stage that Foreman looked into the Frazier corner and began shouting, emphasizing what he was saying with a little shake of his head. He was shouting at Yank Durham, unheard in all that tumult, but his lips could be read: "I'm not going to kill him! I'm not going to kill him!" Apparently I read Foreman's lips wrong. Afterward, he declared he said, "Stop it; or I'm going to kill him."

The fight was stopped. The new champion was enveloped, and Archie Moore, in his blue wool ski cap, kissed his pupil on the cheek.

"Melancholy" is the final word on the pad, used not because of dashed support for the beaten man, but because what we had seen was so quick and devastating, so one-sided, that it had none of the esthetic niceties of, say, the psychodrama of the Ali-Frazier fight, which could be studied like a good piece of theater. The crowd stood there a long time, not sure how to accept it, looking up unbelievingly at the ring, so crowded with

continued



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humanity that it bulged at the ropes. We had been witnesses not to a fight but to an execution.

SANDY SADDLER.

When we took off his left glove we noticed a hole in the leather. I said, "Look at this." It was from hitting Frazier in the mouth. One of his teeth made that hole. I'm telling you I never seen anything like that. Never!

Yank Durham was out of patience. His dressing room, which was next door to that of his fighter, Joe Frazier, was as hot as jungle undergrowth. Only one writer was still in there, his shirt plastered against his back, and he was pressing Yank to find out what had happened and why. Durham was dressing as he answered, wrenching his belt tight in a gesture of petulance. "What a stupid bunch of questions! What happened? He got hit. Didn't we all see the same fight? He got hit and he fell down. What happened to Marciano when he got hit? What happened to Joe Louis? He fell down. It's no mystery."

The dressing-room door opened, a quick glimpse of policemen outside, and the last fighter on the night's card came back from the ring, Willie (The Worm) Munroe, a promising middleweight from Durham's stable.

Yank Durham looked up. "How'd you do, Worm?"

"Left hook. Took him with the left hook."

"That's good, Worm. When?"

"First round."

"Good work, Worm."

The fighter, wearing a green-trimmed robe, sat on the edge of the rubbing table. He wanted to exult, but the mood of the room was thick with despair.

While the newspaperman continued, I asked Willie the Worm, "Did you happen to watch the main event?"

"No," he said. "Not really. I heard everyone hollering, and I came running out to the top of the runway and peeked, and I saw Joe down—the second time, I guess, he went down in that first round. I took one look and ran back to the dressing room. I didn't want to get my mind messed up. I didn't want to see no more. I couldn't believe my eyes."

Outside, the lights were still on, illuminating the center of the infield. People remained seated around the ring,

continued



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many dozens, as if there were some ceremonial yet to come, some act of punctuation that would close off the evening. Back in the stands in that vast circle were hundreds more, sitting in the darkness—this a long hour after George Foreman had done his work, long after the Worm had done his.

ARCHIE MOORE'

After the first round I said to him, "You can't do it any better. Apply the pressure." Well, he responded, didn't he, with a shot that resounded around the world. Quite something. The fight surely should motivate any young violent-prone person in Jamaica to try on the gloves. Watch them in the streets tomorrow. You'll see hundreds of re-creations, people staggering around who will be Frazier, but most of all will be the kids who want to be Foreman. Yes sir. We showed George how to put Frazier on Queer Street.

The new champion the morning after was sitting on the terrace of his 10th-floor suite, high above the countryside with a direct view to the high hills inland from Kingston. His people had been throwing flyers with his picture off the balcony. They had been fluttering down into the street below for almost an hour, and across onto the tennis courts. Foreman lolled back in his chair, a portrait of contentment, master of all he surveyed. He talked about his three advisers. "Archie Moore was necessary, all business. He balanced Dick Sadler, who knows me best, but is lighthearted about some things. Sandy Saddler was one of the most cold-blooded fighters ever, and he kept *that* idea around. The team was right."

What instant of the previous night would he remember above all others?

"The next-to-the-last knockdown," he said, "I knew then that I was going to be the new champion, that there was no way Frazier could get up and come back. I knew because I looked and I saw on his face that he was staring around for help."

How much had rage and hate to do with this devastating power?

"Oh, I like Joe Frazier. I pray for him. I always pray for him. I pray twice a day, and I pray for the people I'm conscious of. I've been conscious of Joe Frazier for a number of months. So I prayed for him." **END**

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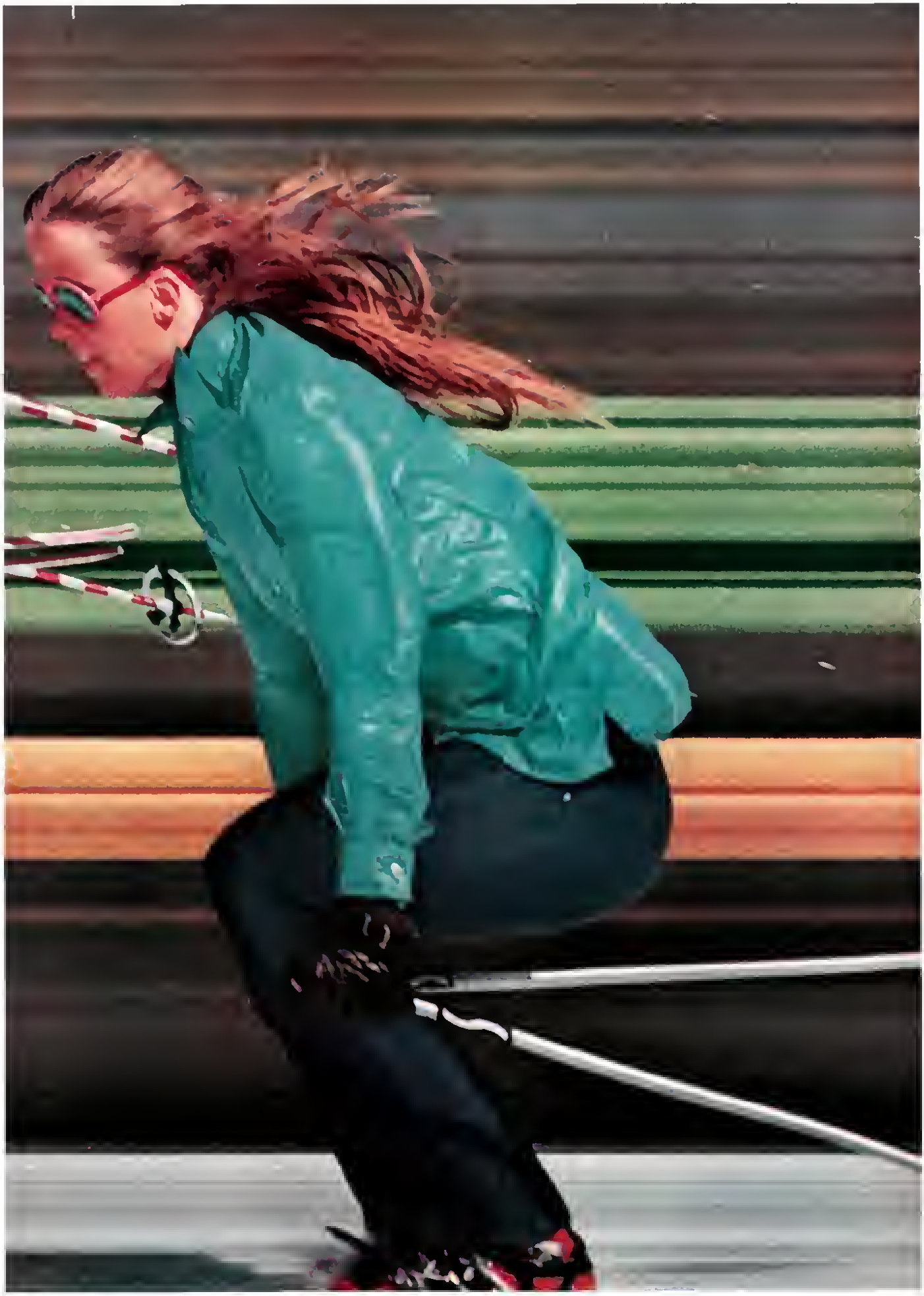
THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY?

And with almost the same camera, too. The icy test is in applying that photo-finish principle to people on skis, stopping the action while maintaining the sensation of speed that is faster than the eye can focus. After synchronizing camera shutter to skier, the photographer ran off yards of film at Sun Valley and Vail until he finally managed to freeze these folks in mid-flight a la the Kentucky Derby. The skiers at right and on the following pages are clicking off a timed 40 to 50 mph; the sheer joys of such all-out schussing are described on page 39.

Photographs by [redacted]









GO FAST, GET HAPPY

Back when it all began, skiers often closed their eyes while dashing downhill and—if early accounts are accurate—held their breath as well. According to one report from the past, at the turn of the century a Vienna newspaper described this new technique: "The ski runner leans back on his stick and darts downward, eyes closed. He continues straight as an arrow until he can no longer breathe, then tosses himself sideways into the snow, and when he regains his wind, hurtles himself toward the valley." Some technique.

The modern practice of keeping both eyes open is quite a dandy technical advance all by itself, and the natural tendency to hold one's breath while speeding can be overcome by doing what the racers do: repeat *choo, choo, choo* over and over. After all, why miss one of the sport's greater kicks, the joy of schussing down a hill as fast as one dares? Speed comes to every skier sooner or later, no matter what the level of ability, simply because the hill is there and the skier is there and natural laws take care of the rest—even if such a descent is not exactly planned.

For a ski racer, going fast means hitting 60 to 80 mph in spots; for a beginner, 15 mph is a heady downhill pace, while 45 mph will make an accomplished intermediate feel particularly daredevilish. Importantly, improved equipment has made greater speeds possible and—God bless the release binding—much safer as well.

The pure joy of skiing fast can work like a cold form of psychiatry to ease tension and frustrations, according to such experts at the game as Billy Kidd, ex-Olympian and FIS gold medalist. "Part of the excitement is to ski at the edge of your capabilities," Kidd says. "You can choose your danger level, you can choose how much you want to be scared, how much you want to test your ability at high speed. This is part of the reason skiing appeals to so many people. At one time or another everybody is sure to be going faster than he can control."

In today's insulated, packaged society another part of the excitement of speed in skiing, says Kidd, is that "You are experiencing it so much more than if you were speeding in a car, surrounded by metal and machinery. In skiing there is the feeling of speed over uneven terrain, when you are changing from steep to flat, and the feeling of the wind. And there is the aftereffect: when you schuss down a really steep slope and pull up to a stop your heart is still pounding, your adrenaline is still flowing, your concentration is still keen. It is a high that forces an intensity in your awareness. It is so exciting to go fast on skis, both for the danger and for the competition within yourself and against the elements. No matter what the degree, if you are convinced there is some peril involved, you can do extraordinary feats and for just a second or two—stretch out beyond the ordinary. It's not like surfing, where your danger level is chosen by nature; it is not like car racing, where you have a lot of paraphernalia about you. In skiing it is just you who handles the bumps, the wind, the mountain."

The youngster at left has been frozen in just such a moment. The photographer's device in this case is a miniaturized battery-pack-powered adaptation of a horse racing finish-line camera, that bulky old monster that looks down on trackside and ordinarily plugs into an AC electrical outlet. To clock off this particular instant the film and skier must be moving at almost exactly the same speed—in opposite directions. As for those color bars behind the skiers, they are parkas hung at random on trees and bushes in the background, a striping effect that can be rearranged artistically by changing or adding parkas. The end result has been to move horse racing photography to hillside and capture another of sport's vital moments on film.

—ANITA VERSCHOTH

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WAIST DEEP IN THE BIG MUDDY

. . . and the damn fools just drive on. It began with poachers from the Everglades testing their swamp buggies, but now the crackers in $4,000 contraptions run amuck as millionaires watch ***by MYRON COPE***

Water the color of potatoes lapped at Sippi Morris' armpits as he sat helpless, his swamp buggy trapped in a gaping pothole in the bottom of the canal. It had snared him only 20 yards past the starting line. His weeks of painstaking tuning and tinkering had been wasted.

Year after year Sippi Morris has become mired in the same spot on the swamp-buggy racecourse in Naples, Fla. The filthy water washes through his garage clothes and chunks of mud splatter his whiskey face. This time Sippi's engine had been drowned out, as the buggy drivers say, despite a rigging of tiny bottles and tubes that Sippi invented just to head off this very disaster. "Where'n hell the water come from?" he puzzled as he waited for the rescue tractor to tow him out. Later, Sippi would blame his aborted effort on poor driving: "Went out with a woman last night 'n' she got me tight."

A stark blue February sky hung over the annual winter races at the Mile o' Mud, a scrubby 40-acre plot on the edge of the Everglades. But a breeze from the Gulf of Mexico blew away the mosquitoes, and the only drivers or mechanics perspiring were those who had not fully recovered from the booze they had consumed right there at campfires the previous night.

It was in the second heat for six- and eight-cylinder engines that 69-year-old Sippi Morris had challenged the strong-armed young crackers, who in many cases surely had spent their last dollar building grotesque contraptions 18 and 20 feet long that could slosh through water up to six feet deep, rise with a mighty groan from immense potholes and tear angrily around yawning curves, their drivers desperate to qualify for the feature race, whose winner would be crowned, yes, Swamp-Buggy King! They had slaved for a month and more over raucous engines in their yards, quitting only when a voice called out from a police cruiser, "Jeez, Chester! Cut that damn thing off!" No blueprints guided their efforts. They began, most of them, by scouring junkyards for a frame that captured their fancy. The rest spilled from their imagination. One rangy, bare-chested driver named Jim Emfinger explained, "Y' jest start dippin' in your checkbook, and your old lady goes t' screamin'." At a cost of almost $4,000, Emfinger, a laboring man, had been building and rebuilding his buggy for three years and expected that he never would be finished. Why, then, does he bother? "Lack o' good sense, more'n anything else."

The prize money is puny, and there are only three racing days a year—two in Naples and one in Fort Myers. Leonard Chesser, a carpenter and for the past two years the reigning king, won $1,300 in the 1971 Naples fall races after having put $1,600 into his motor. "You don't do it for the money," says Chesser.

Milton Morris, called Sippi because he sprang from Mississippi, personified this amateur spirit when on this February day he first appeared wheeling his buggy into place at the starting line. Unlike the others, he was not from the proletariat. He had managed a Florida territory for Firestone, then retired to a home in Coral Gables ("right behind

continued





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Claude Pepper," who presumably hurls shoes from his bedroom window when Sippi is tuning his buggy) and in restless retirement had taken to selling real estate, some of it swamp. "Waterfront is what we call it," he said. Which is how he found out about buggy racing. In the 23 years since, Sippi had never won, yet he persevered at the Mile o' Mud. As the years passed, the crackers stood up their buggies on five-foot tractor wheels and built them larger, wilder, more powerful and outlandish. Parked in the pits, the 44 machines in the field made one's senses reel. The freewheeling shapes—monster grasshoppers, brontosaur skeletons, mammoth coffins, outsized kayaks, flying saucers, giant serving trays—had been created from equipment gotten from junkyard scavenging and supply houses. There were improbable elements: plastic pipe, builder's steel, aircraft tubing, plywood, a distributor enclosed in an ammunition box, beer kegs serving as gas tanks, paint buckets and bedroom wastebaskets for exhausts, plumber's weights bolted down for front-end balance, and, on one buggy, baling wire thoughtfully mounted on the rear for mid-race emergencies. Splashed on in bold paint were the names: *Supergator*, *Phantom 309*, *Water Witch*, *Hound Dog*, *Dragon Wagon*, *Dirt Dauber* and *Husier* (as in Hoosier?). Two of the buggies—call any of them a car and you earn a sharp glance—bore in addition stickers advertising "Wallace Country." Sippi Morris, however, had named his buggy *The Coach of Many Colors*. Half the size of the others, it was a tidy red and white wooden machine vaguely resembling a buckboard, in which Sippi in another time might have taken a young lady to church.

He had stood poised in a foot of water at the inside position in his heat, gazing out upon a broad canal shaped like a backward B. Suddenly Sheriff Doug Hendry had flashed the starter's flag and the four machines had leaped forward with a deafening roar, their huge rear tires kicking slabs of mud into the air. Twenty yards downtrack they plunged into the Sippi Morris Hole, the first of many obstacles. As usual, Sippi was the only contestant not to emerge. The other starters, at speeds up to 50 mph, tore up the straightaway to the top of the course, tossing a 40-foot spray in their wake. They fought for the inside on the turn, then negotiated the upper loop and came back through the lower half of the straightaway, where Sippi was working feverishly to get his engine restarted. His rivals next swung around the bottom loop before crashing one last time down the lower half of the straightaway, throwing water and mud on Sippi as they made their final pass through the Sippi Morris Hole, where the old gentleman now sat stolidly, awaiting the rescue tractor.



EVER THE CAMPAIGNER, HUBERT HUMPHREY GOT MUD IN HIS EYE

Over in the pits a rawboned young man named Byron McDowell, his eyes mirthful beneath the shade of a floppy mountaineer hat, said he understood why Sippi kept coming back year after year. The swamp buggy, he explained, holds a grip on men. "I had a buggy I called *Do-it To-it*. It had a Chrysler hemi and was the runnin'est sonofagun you ever seen." Wanting to show off to friends, Byron McDowell took *Do-it To-it* for a run on a paved road (which of course was illegal, because any swamp buggy would give state inspectors heart seizure). "Well, I took a turn and one of my front wheels hit a damn ditch and that buggy throwed me slap-out into the palmettos. Took me three days to find my shoes and another day to find my wallet. But I got right back up on that machine." To remount was a point of honor. "Yeah, it's like a horse. If it throws you, get back on your feet and whip that machine with a two-by-four and get right back on it. Listen, I got a new buggy in the works, and we gonna stick a six-cylinder in there, and boy, we gonna talk to 'em."

No driver has been killed while racing swamp buggies. Sometimes they turn over on their drivers in deep water, and men have had to be cut loose from their seat belts in a race against death by drowning. Serious injuries occur infrequently, but the potential for injury and even death hovers over the battle, accounting for the fact that most drivers would rather lose a race than employ reckless tactics that endanger another. When a driver violates racing courtesy, trouble flares. "One time," says a race official, "a driver put his front wheels on the back end of another entry, and we had a knife fight right there in the ditch. Yes, to the tune of 18 or 20 stitches. Finally, both of the drivers fell off into the mud and after a while thrashing around they decided it was a bad deal."

The greatest of the swamp-buggy racers was Jack Hatcher, a burly man who

continued

in buggy parlance "won the king" seven times, but Hatcher disdained accepted ethics, crowding his opponents and fiercely swerving to cut them off. On the backstretch once, drivers and their families stoned him. At the depths of his unpopularity Hatcher carried a double-barreled shotgun in his buggy to facilitate his departure from the pits after a race.

Sippi Morris has been hurt only three times. He suffered a broken nose and then a broken wrist and, in the third instance, a large blood blister on his rump after having been thrown as high, he estimated, as a telephone pole, landing back in the seat of his buggy. "Ever' time that I got hurt," he mused, "I was sober."

Of the 28,000 persons who live in Naples, more than 500 are millionaires—one to every 55 or so residents. Naples is Palm Beach without the Jet Set, without old-guard snobbery or high walls to shield estates from the view of passersby. Naples society is the W. R. Timkens of Timken roller bearings, the Lester Norrises of Texaco, the Paul Benedums of Benedum-Trees Oil, the Stuart F. Smiths of Continental Casualty, the Dave Pabsts of Blue-Ribbon brew, the Fred W. Uihleins of Schlitz, the S. F. Briggses of outboard motors. Here and there a local fortune has had its beginnings in south Florida bootlegging. These people play their golf at the Hole-in-the-Wall Golf Club, which was carved out of the Everglades and named for a back road that ran nearby. For the comfort of players a plane dusts the fairways with mosquito repellent. The greenkeeper, Paul Frank, himself the son of a millionaire, has his own boat, plane and airstrip. In the elegant shops and art galleries along Third Street South and Fifth Avenue South, the lady clerk is apt to be from a Yale family. In restaurants and lounges long-haired young musicians incongruously play that old Ted Lewis tune, *Bye Bye Blues*, and a tipsy white-haired gentleman in a yellow seersucker jacket stuffs a musician's hand with bills, saying, "Please play *Sunrise Serenade*." Naples' current passion is the environment. The city has the eighth-largest Audubon Society membership per capita in the nation.

But Naples has trouble, and part of that trouble is the swamp-buggy races. "The town is divided," says a prosperous pharmacist, George Atkinson. "One faction wants to see the community grow, and the other wants us to stay just as we are. It's a tough decision. I haven't been able to make up my own mind which way is correct."

Author John Durant, the town's resident biographer, explains, "Those who want to keep Naples as it is are not necessarily rusty old millionaires but a lot of nice people who came down here to retire." Swamp-buggy races, confound them, bring the town publicity.

Not great publicity but who knows what kind of influx the races may trigger? In two weeks some 7,000 people will pack the Mile o' Mud grandstands for another February race program. The November card draws nearly twice that crowd as it is preceded by a turkey shoot, parade, air show and jamboree dance. Swamp Buggy Days, Inc., the amalgamation of civic and service clubs that promotes the events for charity, has been debating whether to change the name of the races to Heritage Days—a sort of euphemistic upgrading, if you will. Nobody will say so, but an outsider infers that all those garish machines splashing around in a place called the Mile o' Mud are, well, infra dig. At Naples High last year male students succeeded in having the school crest—a swamp buggy—left off their school rings because their girls had begun to find the jewelry unseemly.

The swamp buggy remains, nonetheless, Naples' most visible link to her past, to that time when the citizens lived off the abundant alligator and deer and turkey and white ibis they could hunt down in the Everglades, never dreaming their isolated town, surrounded by woods and Gulf, would become a nest of millionaires. The buggy was the only means of transportation that could penetrate the forest and make its way across the vast marsh prairies. In the 1920s the buggies were (and for hunting purposes continue to be) squat, ugly machines, at the start just converted Model T Fords mounted on cleated airplane tires for traction. "And one day," says a rich old gator hunter named Henry Espenlaub, "here come the Indians busting right by us with Model A's." So the Model A engine became the guts of the swamp buggy. "On foot," says another old hunter, Pop House, "a good man could carry out 21 seven-foot alligator hides. With a buggy you could take out a couple hundred or more."

The hunters disappeared into the woods for several weeks at a time, then returned to cut loose at Omar Clark's Saloon, where the sign hanging over the wooden bar doors said, DON'T DRINK BUT IF YOU DO, BUY HERE. Saturday nights were often violent. Says Pop House: "Old Omar shot one fellow through the chest but didn't kill him, so he told him, 'Why don't you lie down and die like a man?' But the fellow said, 'You can't kill an Irishman,' and damned if he didn't go to Fort Myers and get himself sewed up. But Omar said, 'I'll never go to trial, I guarantee you.' And he never did. I bootlegged for quite a while and found they ain't a man livin' don't have his price." This was Naples before the Timkens and the Benedums.

While the alligators lasted, Naples' woolly image survived, in fact right into the 1950s. Hendry, the sheriff, remembers that his opposition in a 1953 campaign was a gator hunter and saloonkeeper named Chiz Rivers, who told voters, "A person has to know jails to be sheriff. I've been in jail 23 times in 24 years, and I figure I know about jails." Chiz tended his bar barefoot. "When a customer took out a cigarette," says Hendry, "Chiz would put one foot on the bar and take a cordwood match and strike it on his bare foot."

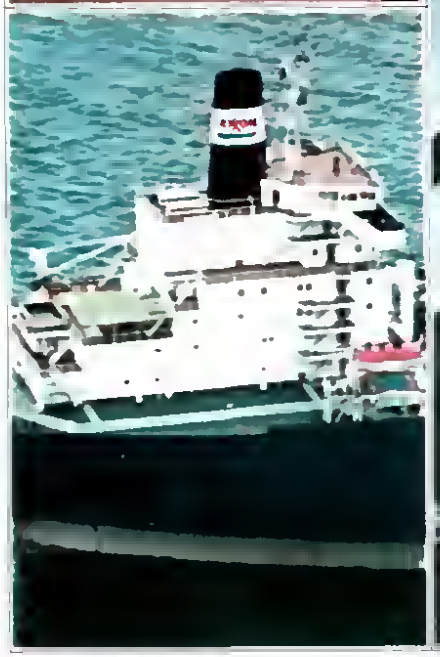
Buggy racing began in 1949 when a newspaper editor, Stuart Rabb, and Greenkeeper Paul Frank's daddy, Ed Frank, hit upon the idea of convening buggy owners two weeks before the opening of the deer season at an old sweet-potato patch that had become a boghole. The purpose was to give everyone a look at his neighbor's buggy, with a view toward improving his own. To enliven the gathering, races were run, tediously, through marl up to four feet deep, and for the kids there were 100-yard footraces through waist-deep mud. Such was the camaraderie that the law winked at outlaw poachers who came out of the woods for this one day to race their buggies. Often the contestants required 45 minutes to go a mile through the marl, but personalities made the day memorable. One driver, Mickey Brown, kept a rattlesnake in his beer cooler to frighten off freeloaders.

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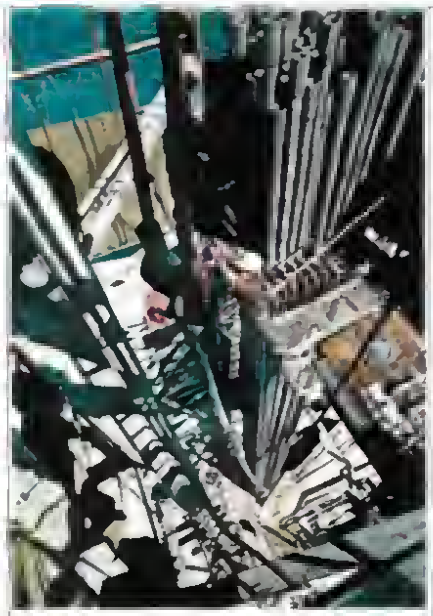






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Drilling a single exploratory well can take more than a year. It can mean moving hundreds of tons of equipment to the high Arctic or deep into the desert.

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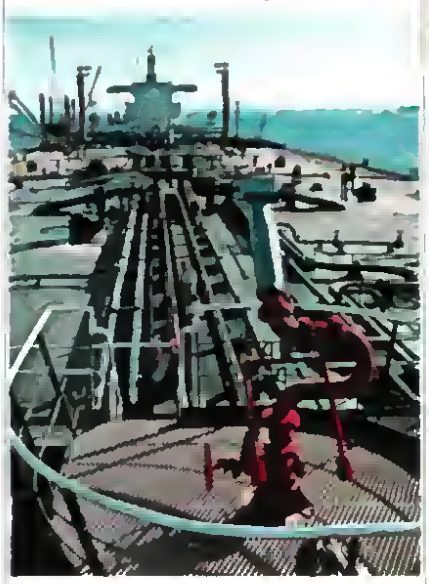
As a result of these efforts Exxon has over 20,000 oil- and gas-producing wells in the United States and another 7,000 abroad.

EXXON

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It was in that year that an Exxon refinery produced the first commercial "petrochemical."

From this beginning, Exxon Chemical Company has grown into a business with 60 plants in 24 countries. Its products are used in everything from plastics to cosmetics. Today, petroleum is the source of 80 per cent of the raw materials of modern chemistry.

Exxon is making a determined effort to minimize pollution, both from its operations and its products.

Simply running the business of oil efficiently these days is not good enough. That's why Exxon is investing some $200,000,000 every year to remove sulfur, to clean up water and to do a lot of other things to help the environment. Here are just a few.

Because oilmen, even old-timers, rarely see a well out of control, Exxon has established a special school in "blowout" prevention techniques in Texas. It teaches drillers what to do if and when they are ever confronted with one of these rare crises.

Tanker captains receive unique training at a facility Exxon built in Grenoble, France. Here, in realistically scaled model tankers, they learn the special skills they'll need to handle and berth the largest supertankers afloat.

Exxon has been instrumental in setting up many organizations dedicated to rapid and effective cleanup in the event of oil spills. Each of our U.S. refineries has a full-time staff of environmental specialists.

All of this is part of a continuing battle to get ourselves and our industry in harmony with the environment.





Exxon research scientists average a patent a day every working day.

Exxon scientists and engineers are involved in about 1000 different projects at any given time.

These projects could range from the development of offshore mooring devices for very large tankers to the study of unique methods for burning high-sulfur fuels in order to create as little pollution as possible. They cover everything from waste water treatment to new engineering for modern refinery processes.

Exxon researchers are developing better ways to make synthetic rubber, and better ways to extract more oil from underground reservoirs.

With an overall research program that is costing $100,000,000 a year, every day Exxon is coming up with something that, in one way or another, helps you.

And this is helping all over the world because Exxon research is multinational. It focuses the talent of more than 5,000 scientists and engineers in seven countries on solving the problems of our company and meeting the needs of our customers.

If you're like most people, the only time you come face to face with Exxon is at a service station.



The chances of coming face to face with an Exxon service station are pretty good—because there are 25,000 of them from coast to coast.

Over the years you've probably come to know your local Exxon dealer and the fine products and services he can offer you.

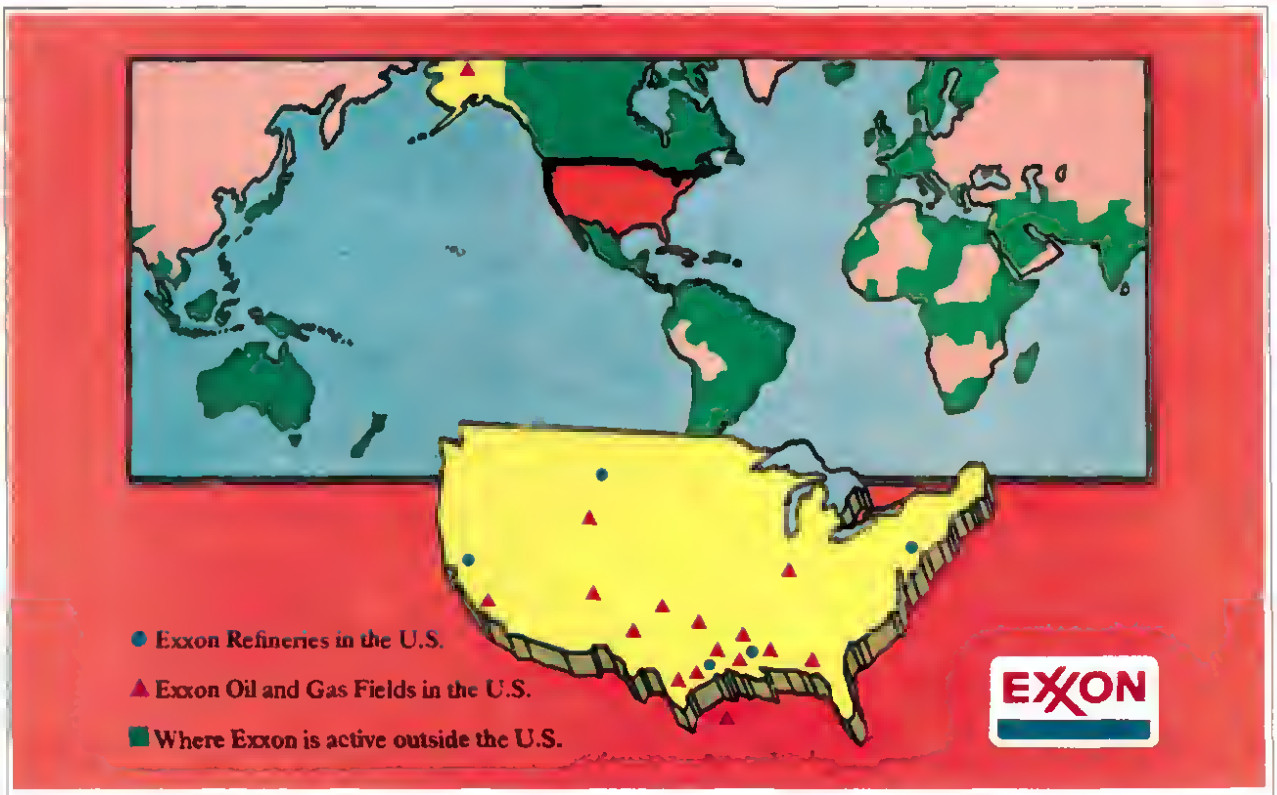
Perhaps you have also learned to depend on our touring service or road maps—Exxon was the first oil company to offer road maps, way back in 1922.

If you've had some trouble with your car you might have driven it into one of the many Exxon Car Care Centers where the problems were diagnosed rapidly and repaired efficiently.

Exxon Marinas, Travel Parks and Avitats catering to the needs of boaters, campers and flyers can be found in many parts of the country, and of course, your Exxon credit card can be used at all of them.

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EXXON



A corporation should be a "corporate citizen" as well.

The people of Exxon Corporation have made sure that the company is committed to goals that go beyond the primary responsibilities of conducting their business efficiently. There is also a commitment to society, and that commitment is an integral part of the business of Exxon.

The Exxon Education Foundation, for example, has a seventeen-year history of financial support to higher education — in fact, it has contributed over 34 million dollars to date.

And for nearly as long, Exxon has supported fine arts through competitions around the world, educational experiments like Harlem Prep, and excellence in television programming like *An Age of Kings* and *Play of the Week* and, more recently, *Vibrations*.

Beyond this are the individual activities of our many employees working, often with Exxon support, in community projects as varied and numerous as the skills they offer.

We'd like you to know Exxon.

We hope these pages have told you something about Exxon Corporation—who we are, what we do and where we work.

We are U.S.-based with many affiliates abroad. There are, in fact, 143,000 Exxon employees around the world. Our primary task is finding, producing, transporting, refining and selling oil and natural gas to millions of customers.

In the United States, there are 40,000 of us; most of us work for Exxon Company, U.S.A., in itself one of America's leading oil and gas enterprises. In recent months Exxon Company, U.S.A. has carried out the change to Exxon that you've seen at your service station.

An important part of our worldwide business is chemicals. This is guided by Exxon Chemical Company. U.S. chemical operations are conducted by Exxon Chemical Company U.S.A.

We are also companies that do research and engineering, international exploration, development of non-petroleum energy sources, and land development. This should give you an idea of our scope.

Although the name of Exxon Corporation is new, we realize that our reputation will continue to depend upon the quality of our products, the service we offer and the way we conduct ourselves.

J. K. Jamieson
Chairman,
Exxon Corporation

C. C. Garvin, Jr.
President,
Exxon Corporation



In less than a decade, as the sweet-potato bog gave way to a bulldozed canal flooded by diesel pumps, hot-rodders took over. They constructed contraptions that would not be worth a dime in the woods but on tall, lean tires could slice through water at amazing speeds. "In the old days," says Paul Frank, who bowed out to the hot-rodders, "it was more a test of the machine. Today it's the driver who makes the differenec. He's really sticking his neck out when he hits that floorboard."

None raced more boldly than Jack Hatcher, the king of kings. Six-foot-one and 210 pounds, his credo was "I can do anything better than you can." Whereas many of the drivers are carpenters—weathered individuals who work in the Florida housing industry—Jack Hatcher was his own man, a subcontractor. In 1968 a sizable group of drivers struck for higher purses, their percentage of the gate being indecently pitiful, but Jack Hatcher raced. Another time, after he had defeated a popular exking by steering a ruthless path, a mob surrounded him, held back only by the knowledge that a shotgun lay beside him. "He set on that buggy for three hours," a witness to the scene recalls with perhaps a measure of exaggeration, "and finally he got down from the rig and said, 'Lay a hand on this buggy, lay a hand on me, and you gonna git it.' He didn't say what, but it was fairly clear to all."

Even Hatcher's detractors agree that nothing drove him so much as the suggestion that he could fail. He won his first title by beating V-8s with a four-cylinder two-wheel drive. "He'd rather win a raec with a smaller engine, just for the challenge of it," says a driver named J. Rowe. Threc years ago Hatcher purchased a Piper Cherokee and, only two weeks after being licensed to fly, took his wife and daughter to St. Augustine. There he saw his 19-year-old stepdaughter crowned homecoming queen at the coronation ball of the Florida School for the Deaf and Blind. The next day he invited a party to go for a pleasure ride in his plane. The weather was growing bad and airport officials told Hatcher not to take off. He ignored the warning. Three miles north of St. Augustine state troopers found Hatcher's plane after searching for hours through a downpour. Only a friend of the homecoming queen survived. The greatest of the swamp-buggy drivers had gone down, nose first, into a swamp.

Leonard Chesser, the new king, had an important passenger in his champion *Dats-Da-One* as he wheeled up to the starting line 20 minutes before the beginning of last year's winter races. Hubert Humphrey had been persuaded by his advisers that taking part would give him good exposure in the hard-fought Florida Democratic primary. John Lindsay and George Wallace had declined invitations, Wallace opting to appear instead at the Swamp Cabbage Festival in the town of LaBelle. But Humphrey, attired in a green jump suit, descended in a helicopter to the track infield and, with a campaign smile, offered himself up for a three-buggy exhibition race.

"Don't get him too messed up," Chesser was instructed by a man named Jack Maguire. Maguire, who operates an ambulance service and was serving as unpaid publicity man for the races, had hit upon the idea of inviting a candidate and had billed the exhibition as "the dirtiest race of Humphrey's life." Ticket sales had spurted. Of course, it was arranged for Chesser and Humphrey to win.

"I won't muddy him," Chesser said. "Just spray a little water, right?"

Humphrey, his cake-of-soap chin raised confidently, his high dome glistening in the sun, sat atop Chesser's buggy as unsuspecting as Humpty Dumpty before the fall. But the shock of hitting the Sippi Morris Hole tore the smile from his face and, four years after Chicago hippies had cried that the Hump be dumped, he very nearly was. "*Must* a man do these things to become President?" he had to be asking himself as Chesser gunned the machine on to the next hole. The ordeal over finally, Humphrey made a brief speech to the crowd, urging that the government buy up railroad rights-of-way and turn them into bicycle and hiking trails. The crowd, consisting of Wallace Democrats and Nixon Republicans, responded for the most part with mortifying silence. Meanwhile, George Wallace was drawing a noisy crowd of 8,000 (more than twice the anticipated turnout) to the Swamp Cabbage Festival, causing the steaks and swamp cabbage to run out before half the throng was served.

Without Humphrey in the cockpit, Leonard Chesser plunged into his first qualifying heat to cries of "Hey, get 'em, Leonard!" He won easily but, when asked in the pits how his machine had handled, he answered, "Fair."

"He always gives you that," said Lee Hancock, Chesser's close friend and a top-rated challenger (he was to win the 1972 fall race). "You don't see him doin' any work on the buggy, do you?"

Atop the grandstand in a corrugated-tin press box, Paul Frank spoke superlatives as Chesser, his mounting victories becoming a threat to the Jack Hatcher legend, tore unchallenged through three more heats. "It's not the machine, it's the guts you got," said Frank. Some emphasize the machine, and Chesser himself modestly ascribes his successes to *Dats-Da-One's* ability to move water. But Frank said, "Listen to that rpm! He's got that engine mated to his gear train perfectly. When that engine peaks out at a certain gear, he's delivering maximum power. Some of these boys have it down to a fine art, but most of 'em don't, and that's the difference."

In the feature, a four-buggy race, Johnny Beasley, one of the clan of Sarasota Beasleys that had brought three machines to the races, got away fast. But Chesser took him on at the first turn. Hind wheels digging, front wheels expertly high and skimming the very surface of the water, *Dats-Da-One* set so torrid a pace under Chesser's handling that Beasley's machine, the only serious challenger, sputtered and collapsed under stress. Chesser, for his day's racing, won $1,245, and his wife Liz added $62 to the family take by winning the Powder Puff, a series of races staged for the womenfolk. A freckled girl in a soaked scarlet jersey and red crash helmet, Liz received a hug from Leonard as he helped her down from *Dats-Da-One*.

The grandstands had emptied, sandwich wrappings and empty beer cans mutely declaring the swamp-buggy races over till fall. Hubert Humphrey, spitting canal matter as he was led away, had disappeared in his helicopter. In the pits a race official announced that purses would amount to $5,500. The exultant drivers threw him into the canal. Sippi Morris had not stayed around for the eclebration. He was back at his motel already at work on another engineering theory. **END**

In an opinion holding that cockfighting is not illegal under Kansas laws prohibiting cruelty to animals, State Supreme Court Justice **John Fontron** managed to invoke the names of George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Alexander Hamilton and Abraham Lincoln. The first three, Fontron said, were all devotees of cockfighting, and Lincoln at times umpired fights. Fontron attributed to Lincoln this justification of the pastime: "As long as the Almighty permitted intelligent men, created in His image and likeness, to fight in public and kill each other while the world looks on approvingly, it's not for me to deprive chickens of the same privilege."

To those who have been wondering where Miami Dolphin Coach **Don Shula** gets his superior qualities, he gets them from his mother. Source of this information is none other than Mrs. Shula herself. "Don takes after me in every way," she told New Orleans Saints Vice-President Harry Hulmes at that semi-famous Super Bowl party held aboard the *Queen Mary*. "That's right," Don's father said. "For example, he has her temper." Mrs. Shula admitted as much. "Even as a little boy," she said, "Don would get furious if he ever lost at anything. He used to be his grandmother's partner at cards. If they lost he would storm out of the house crying, crawl under the front porch and sob away."

Nixon Peacemaker, a three-year-old greyhound that had failed to win in three previous starts, won its first race minutes after the President announced the cease-fire in Vietnam. Nixon Peacemaker was an 18-to-1 long shot in an eight-dog field at Interstate Kennel Club in Byers, Colo., paying $38 to win and $149.60 in a quiniela.

• Most of those mass-mailed holiday letters were Xerox vehicles for bringing friends up to date on homely minutiae like the heights and weights of children and the latest doings in the neighborhood bridge league. But not for **Shirley Bridges**, wife of the Shell Oil president. Hers made clear that she needs very little liberating. Here are some excerpts: "February saw us in Italy and myself skiing at Verbier, also a week at my winter-sports home away from home, Suvretta House at St. Moritz.

"April—I took one week off for helicopter-skiing in The Bugaboos, up in British Columbia.

"May 16 and 17. I was happily falling flat on my face surfing at Waikiki and shooting the breakers as No. 2 paddle of an outrigger canoe crew.

"May 20. I found Yosemite climbing difficult, requiring laybacks on cracks, clenched handholds, etc.

"June 3 saw us at the Savoy, London. Then I joined Austrian Guide-en-Famille and architect friend Jean Perrelet in Zermatt to climb the Breithorn on skis.

"July 14. Brian and self-made-up group of 18 climbers in the Peruvian Andes. You should have seen us perched on a ledge at 5,000 metres, feet in rucksacks, waiting for the moon to rise so we could see our way down the steep crevasse-pocketed gully."

There were lots more sporting notes and a crisis. On one of those trips Mrs. Bridges left a gown home in Houston. Hike back to get it? No. Sent the company jet.



◆ That's **Terry Dischinger** of the Portland Trail Blazers, and Terry Dischinger's tooth—one of the three he lost in a fight with the Philadelphia 76ers. Dischinger is a dental student, but this is a way to gain experience?

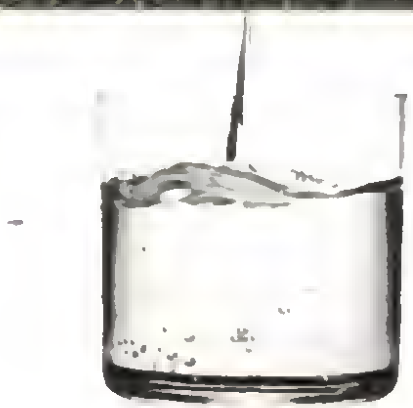


When the restaurant adjacent to their hotel exploded in flames, the Ursinus College basketball team didn't hesitate. "They didn't care about themselves," Coach **Warren Fry** says, "they just pitched into that burning rubble and began pulling people out. Every kid in the squad went right in there." The team rescued 14 persons from the Huntington, Pa. restaurant at which they had had lunch just moments earlier, using doors and table tops as stretchers. The excitement helped to ease the memory of a defeat the night before.

Vin Scully, best known as the voice of the Los Angeles Dodgers, has a new daytime talk show aimed at women. It is strictly non-sports, featuring such celebrities as Walter Matthau, Phyllis Diller and Burt Bacharach. "I'm not a sports fan," explains Scully. "I'm a baseball announcer. There's a big difference. I didn't even watch the World Series."

Football coaches who look at their material and say they don't have a prayer might do well to consult the **Rev. Sidney Lovett** of the Union Church in Hinsdale, Ill. Asked to give the invocation at the Kodak Coaches of the Year Awards Dinner of the American Football Coaches Association, the Rev. Lovett compassionately thought also of the losers. His prayer went, in part: "Thou art a God of mercy and so we lift before Thy care those coaches who with endurance and honor—but a losing record—are grateful for a new year. Deliver them from the nightmares of instant replay and sullen alumni. And if it please Thee, bestow upon them sure fingered ends, fleet runners and secure cartilages, and linemen of granite. . . Now, Lord, Thou alone knows whether or not we are worthy of this meal, but with thanks to Kodak, and with teeth both real and false, let us take delight in it." And when was the last time you heard an invocation applauded?





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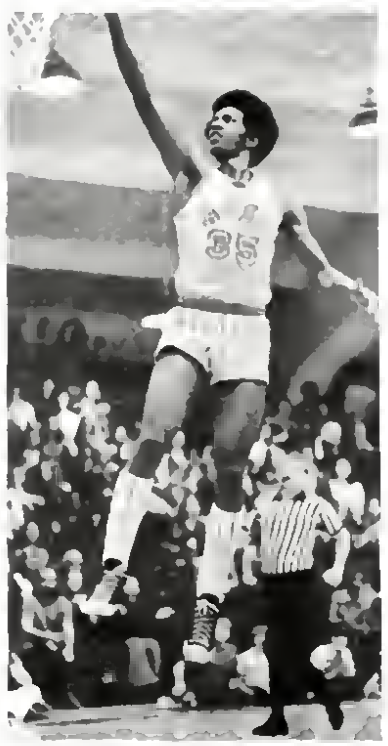
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One Fly they can't swat

A Brooklyn boy down in Tennessee is leading all the nation's scorers

It was quite accidental the way James Williams stumbled onto the nickname Fly. In a high school playoff game back in Brooklyn he took a rather spontaneous off-balance shot that nevertheless swished through the nets. "It was a funny shot," recalls his sister Loretta. "Right after that game we started calling him Fly. You know—he lets fly with the ball?"

The whole country is beginning to know. Fly Williams is down in Tennessee now and after 15 games is major college basketball's leading scorer with a 33.2 average. Remarkably, he is only a freshman and he is playing on a team, Austin Peay State University, that hasn't recently been a winner. Fly is not all the gunner his name or that record implies. Occasionally he will leave mouths gaping by taking a shot that defies description, but most of his points come after a variety of moves so fluid that he seems hardly to have exerted himself. Often at the end of games people are surprised to learn he has scored so much. Fly Williams sinks 48.2% of his shots, at least half of them coming from the outside.



FLY WILLIAMS HITS FOR AUSTIN PEAY

For a basketball player possibly on his way to renown, Fly is a good enough name, though he dismisses it as a ghetto memento. "Hardly anybody calls me James," he says wistfully. To the folks in Clarksville, home of Austin Peay (rhymes with see), the name is part of the game. FLY—SECOND ONLY TO SEX, a banner in Memorial Gymnasium proclaims. The team warms up to the soulful tune *Super Fly* and fly swatters are seen increasingly in the hands of opposing team supporters. In local conversation Fly Williams ranks right up there with Fort Campbell, base for the 101st Airborne Division, and Acme Boot Company, Inc., a big hirer in town.

Fly's fame did not precede him to college with any of the fanfare of the country's next leading scorers, Raymond Lewis, Los Angeles State's own freshman sensation (32.5 avg.), or Pepperdine's Bird Averitt (31.7 avg.). But Fly was no unknown. He won All-America mention in high school and had at least 300 college offers to choose from. He went to Peay, he explains, because "I wanted to get out of Brooklyn and I didn't want to go anyplace too big."

There was another inducement. He could bring along some old Brooklyn buddies—Danny Odums, an excellent ball handler who is now Peay's starting playmaker, and Reggie Williams and Chester Mann, two fast-moving team managers who now hold down the job at Peay. Fly and Odums have led the Governors (the original Austin Peay was elected governor of Tennessee in 1922) to a 12-3 start. They are 4-1 in the eight-member Ohio Valley Conference and are threatening to win the championship for the first time.

Whether they do depends largely upon how well Fly stands the physical beating he has been taking. At 6′ 5″ and 201 pounds he is not exactly robust, something he discovered against Eastern Kentucky when he wound up flat on the floor and unconscious after being swatted across the bridge of the nose. At least the nose was unbroken, which is more than can be said for either of Fly's ankles. The left one has been fractured four times and the right one twice. Just two days before he set a Memorial Gym record with 51 points against Tennessee Tech (his second 51-point game of the year), Fly was running around on quarter-size calluses that eventually required doctoring. "It takes a drugstore full of tape and three doctors to get Fly ready for a game," says Athletic Director George Fisher, "but he's a player."

Fly says, "When game time rolls around I forget all about the injuries. I can live with them. My heart doesn't pump Kool-Aid."

Both Fly and his coach, Lake Kelly, say the Tech game, in which he connected on 24 of 46 field goals, three of seven free throws and grabbed 12 rebounds, was not Fly's best of the season. "I was off," Fly explained later. "I'll be out on the court first thing in the morning." That's the kind of dedication, Kelly says, "that makes Superflys. One of these days he's going to hit 40 of 46."

THE WEEK

by PAT PUTNAM

MIDWEST At the beginning of the week two Kansas students slipped over to Manhattan with the idea of kidnapping Touchdown VII, Kansas State's $50 wildcat mascot. By mistake they made off with Kansas, a $2,000 specimen belonging to the zoo. The Jayhawk basketball team didn't do very well, either. Twice it dissipated 11-point leads and K-State finally won 77–68 behind the hot second-half scoring of Steve Mitchell and Ernie Kusnyer. Then Kansas State downed Oklahoma State 74–64 and that, coupled with Kansas' 90–78 upset of Iowa State, put the Wildcats atop the Big Eight in a tie with surprising Colorado, a 90–69 winner over Oklahoma.

By tradition, Nebraska fans must stand up until their team scores. Against Missouri they were on their feet for very nearly seven minutes and by the time they sat down the Cornhuskers were behind 17–0 and on their way to a 78–65 loss. For TV purposes

continued

the game had been moved up to a noon starting time, which led Nebraska Coach Joe Cipriano to remark "We just finished breakfast and our conference commissioner isn't even up yet. We should be giving away Grape Nuts as door prizes."

Indiana, unbeaten in the Big Ten, began its week by beating Michigan State 97–89 but found itself in serious trouble against Michigan. High-scoring Forward John Ritter fell heavily, complained of blurred vision and left after only eight minutes. Steve Green, the other forward, fouled out with 18 minutes to play. That left it up to Tom Abernethy, a 6′ 5″ freshman with just 38 seconds of varsity playing experience. Naturally Abernethy came through, scoring 12 points on six field goals, and playing solid defense as Indiana won 79–73. Minnesota's title hopes then rose another notch when the Gophers beat up-and-down Michigan State 93–77. And Northwestern finally made it in the Big Ten, beating Wisconsin 74–73. Northwestern is now a lofty eighth (1-3) while Wisconsin is 10th (1-5).

"We are making a lot of errors and I need stabilization out back," said Butler Coach George Theofanis as he benched 6′ 6″ junior Marty Monserez. "It hurt my pride," said Monserez. Aroused and eventually unleashed, Monserez scored 18 against Wabash, seven against the Air Force and 21 in last week's 87–58 victory over DePauw. "I stand there and hear the starters introduced and I am insulted," Monserez said. "The more I sit, the madder I get. When I go in I'm ready to explode."

1. MINNESOTA (13-2) 2. MARQUETTE (14-2)

WEST Arizona's Kiddy Korps—four starting freshmen and a junior—found a way to grow old against Brigham Young's Yugoslavian Yo-Yo, 6′ 11″ Kresimir Cosic. Almost with a yawn Cosic spent the night putting on tiny fakes and putting in 18-foot bank shots (13 of 25), when he wasn't, he could be found at the foul line (10-11). BYU won easily 93–79. Arizona State set up a man-to-man defense against Cosic two nights later. But BYU came back with a 2-3 zone, discovered that the Sun Devils couldn't shoot over it and ran away with an 81–67 victory. As for the Kiddy Korps, well, youth is resilient. They regrouped in time to outrun Utah's running Utes 89-86 after Utah had upset Arizona State 87–77.

The game should have been played at the OK Corral. Pepperdine's William (Bird) Averitt against Cal State's Raymond Lewis, both ranking just behind Fly Williams among the top major college scoring leaders. In the final of the Cal State Invitational they both came out firing blanks. Averitt, No. 2 with a 32.7 average, managed but seven points in the first half. Sophomore Lewis had just eight—hardly right-on for a guy with a 31.2 average. Finding the range in the second half, Lewis pumped in 26 points, finished the night with 34 and Cal State won 87-80. That moved him past Averitt (32.5 to 31.7), who scored 26.

New Mexico overcame first-half jitters to defeat Wyoming 70–56, and Colorado State threw away the ball 25 times as it lost to Texas at El Paso 57–49. Oral Roberts' Al Boswell scored 17 points to lead the Titans past Pan American 87–68.

1. UCLA (16-0) 2. LONG BEACH STATE (15-1)

EAST Sluggish after losing to UCLA, Providence was tied by Massachusetts at halftime but finished in a frenzy to win 91–78. Then, after what Coach Dave Gavitt labeled the worst practice he's ever seen, the Friars went on East Coast TV, hit on their first nine shots from the field, used five different defenses and needed it all to stave off Jacksonville 87–84.

Steve Hocker, St. Bonaventure's 5′ 9″ sophomore guard, took the first shot against Canisius and scored. In the first half he tried only one more. At intermission Coach Larry Weise told him, "Start firing. Shoot any time you're open." Hocker did, scoring seven of 10 more from the floor, and the Bonnies won 68–58.

Four minutes into a game against Canisius, Boston College Coach Bob Zuffelato called for a new ball. "That one is lopsided," he stormed. It didn't help. Canisius drew away in the second half and went on to an easy 78–58 victory.

"We're playing much better," said Holy Cross Coach George Blaney. The Crusaders had won four straight to bring their record to 8-8 and the school announced plans for a new 5,000-seat basketball arena. But then Holy Cross took on Boston University, committed eight straight turnovers during one stretch and was upset 75–66.

The Palestra in Philadelphia is a musty old brick arena. To Phil Hankinson, a Penn senior, it is Camelot. "I remember my first visit there four years ago," he said. "It was empty but my imagination filled in the rest." Imagine this: 16 points for Hankinson, 16 rebounds and real strong defense to lead Penn over La Salle 57–45 and to a fourth straight Big Five championship.

Temple Guard Rick Trudeau turned on his radio and heard that Coach Harry Litwack was retiring after the season. "He's a great coach and deserves a great season." Inspired, Trudeau had a career high of 21 points as Temple won 71–50 over Pitt.

Joe DiCocco went in against Duquesne with a pale 61.7%, average from the foul line, and with 1:38 to play in a tight game the La Salle junior was 0 for 3 from the line. "I thought if they were going to foul anybody, it would be me," he said. Duquesne did, DiCocco twice converted one-and-one tries and La Salle won 69–67. So much for high-level strategy.

1. PROVIDENCE (12-2) 2. ST. JOHN'S (13-2)

SOUTH For North Carolina it was a problem of vision. Lightweight Virginia, which had never ever won at Chapel Hill, caught the Tar Heels looking ahead, and then two days later Maryland caught them looking back. Presto! The Big Three of the Atlantic Coast Conference dwindled to two.

Concluding that North Carolina's pressing defense was too tough to dent with a frontal attack, Virginia went in through the back door with a spread-out offense, the long pass and the easy layup. The Cavalier spearhead was Barry Parkhill, who threw long—mostly to freshman Wally Walker, who scored 25—and hit short for 23 himself.

Not overlooking a good thing, Maryland's Lefty Driesell ordered up the same attack. It produced 38 points from Jim (Bozo) O'Brien, 24 over the part-time starting senior's average and 13 more than he had ever scored in a college game. Earlier in the week the Terps knocked off LIU 100–73 and Wake Forest 105–76.

Second-ranked North Carolina State remained one of the nation's two unbeaten major teams with a 98–73 victory over Furman. But Furman remained atop the Southern Conference by first beating Appalachian State 103–83 and then Davidson 102–94.

"Alabama has the best team I've seen since I've come into the league," said Tennessee Coach Ray Mears after losing to the Tide 72–56. The easy victory opened a two-game lead in the Southeastern Conference for Alabama, which earlier in the week topped Georgia Tech 89–83 and Florida 82–74, both on the road.

"We've got some guys playing for themselves and not for Florida State," said Coach Hugh Durham, who wasn't happy after beating Samford by only 47–34 and Southern Illinois by 78–73. "The next time we order uniforms, instead of Florida State we may have the names of those players printed on the back. That's who they're playing for, themselves."

Texas Tech dangled victory in front of hungry Texas, then snatched it away 73–64 in overtime, moving to a 4-0 lead in the Southwest Conference. Tech's Ed Wakefield went into the overtime with four points and came out with 14, which makes him either a very slow starter or a very good sandbagger. SMU and Arkansas are just behind Tech with 3-1 records. SMU slammed Baylor 81–69, and Arkansas, led by 34 points from Martin Terry, the SWC's leading scorer, downed TCU 90–75.

1. N.C. STATE (14-0) 2. MARYLAND (14-1)


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How much car should you expect for a couple of thousand bucks?

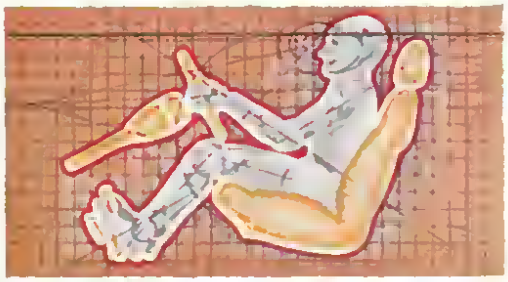
You should expect a lot of car. You should expect a car that's comfortable. Maneuverable. Nice looking. Economical to operate. Powerful enough to take on the American highway. And tough enough to last without costing you an arm and two legs in repairs.

You should expect a whole car. Not a stripped-down model that could cost you another couple hundred in options before you get it out of the showroom

In other words, you should expect a dollar's worth of car for every dollar you lay out.

That means that if we, as just one of the car makers of this world, can't give you your money's worth, you'll find somebody else who can

So we start trying to satisfy people right at the drawing board. We design the inside of our cars be-



You should expect a roomy, comfortable car. So we design the inside of our cars first.

fore the outside. That's because the inside's where the people are. It's not that we don't think looks are important. We do But we think people are more important Especially the ones who buy our cars.

For a couple of thousand bucks, you should expect a roomy, comfortable car. Not one that requires sitting in the knee-chest position

So although we make "small" cars, you'll find them surprisingly roomy And although we make "low priced" cars, even our least expensive model comes with such comforts as reclining bucket seats, flo-thru ventilation and full carpeting.



You should expect a dollar's worth of car for every dollar you lay out.

Now, we could be like a lot of other car makers We could call those kinds of things "options" And then advertise a much lower sticker price And then charge you extra when you buy the car

We could But we don't

We don't because we have some pretty definite ideas about what an option is. And what an option isn't

An option is something only some people want on their cars Like air conditioners and automatic transmissions.

An option is not something most people want on their cars Like whitewalls, wheel covers and "special trim packages" Or safety features we feel everybody should have on their cars Like tinted windows, front disc brakes and side door steel beams. Or things you have to have. Like "dealer preparation"

In other words, when our suggested retail price is $1998 (as it is on a '73 Toyota Corolla 1200), then you know that that price, plus local taxes and freight, includes those kinds of features. Things some others charge extra for

Another thing you hear a lot about these days is durability testing. About how auto makers torture their cars to help prove they'll stand up in everyday

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driving situations. And everybody tests their cars that way. Including us

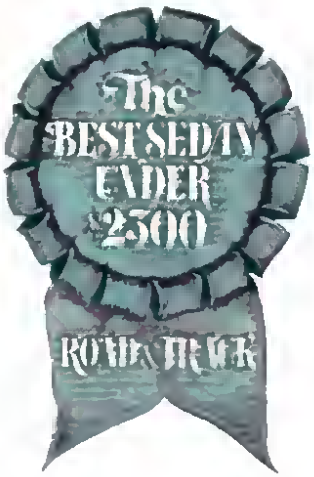
But the real test of a car's durability comes only after someone like you has knocked around in it a few years.

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–The editors of Road & Track 1972 Annual

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HOCKEY / *Jim Kaplan*



Mike Antonovich & Co. lead a U.S. invasion of Canada's hockey fief

The Yanks are coming

The last time the United States invaded Canada, during the ludicrous War of 1812, some of the soldiers mutinied, others fired on each other in the dark and the Canadians referred to their week of service as a "party of pleasure." Oh, what a lousy war. Now there is another U.S. invasion, and it is no laughing matter. The Yanks have established a beachhead in one of Canada's most prized sanctuaries, professional hockey, and aren't about to let go. They are even working from the inside, infiltrating Canadian minds. "We can see the talent developing," says the Montreal Canadiens' general manager, Sam Pollock. "There will be quite an American nest."

There already is. There are 10 U.S. players in the National Hockey League—*one* used to be considered freakish—and the new World Hockey Association has no fewer than 20.

What personifies and to a great extent explains the U.S. thrust is the presence of such players as Mike Antonovich, a 5'8", 160-pound left wing for the WHA's Minnesota Fighting Saints. Antonovich is on the team with the largest number of U.S. players (10) in pro hockey. He hails from Minnesota, where hockey is strong, and has played at three levels of the game there in the last four years.

First he made all-state three times and led Greenway of Coleraine, a regional high school embracing a dozen northern mining towns, to two state titles. Then he brought the University of Minnesota its first Western Collegiate title in 16 years, followed the next season by a trip to the NCAA finals. Finally he left school to turn pro after his junior year.

Considered too small to play in the NHL, he was a last-round publicity draft choice of the Minnesota North Stars. The Saints' coach, Glen Sonmor, who had also recruited Antonovich for college hockey, had more faith in small men than most, and Mike signed with him. A lifetime center, Antonovich at first seemed lost at a new position on a line with a rookie center and a variety of right wings, but he had scored a dozen goals by midseason and went on to get his first hat trick on Jan. 20. "If you're little, sometimes you have some extra quickness," Antonovich says. "I think it's an advantage." He scores most often on rebounds and deflections, and after each goal he does a dance.

It is easy to attribute the success of Antonovich and others to the sneering catchword, "expansion." But expansion doesn't account for so many good U.S. players, such men as the Saints' goalie, Mike Curran, who was an Olympic star, or New York's Bobby Sheehan and New England's Larry Pleau, who are among the WHA's leading scorers.

The first big break for U.S. players came in 1967, when the NHL raised the minimum draft age from 18 to 20. Many Canadians decided to use the extra years to begin college in the U.S. When Canadian scouts crossed over to watch their native products waste time before becoming eligible for the pro draft, they discovered that south-of-the-border hockey was better than they had expected. And so, in the last two drafts 43 players were picked from U.S. colleges, including many of the once-scorned natives.

All but two members of the U.S. World Cup team are Minnesota born or bred. The feeder programs in Massachusetts and Michigan are comparable, but Minnesota has 55,000 players in organized programs, more than one-fourth the U.S. total, and an unmatched 80 indoor rinks.

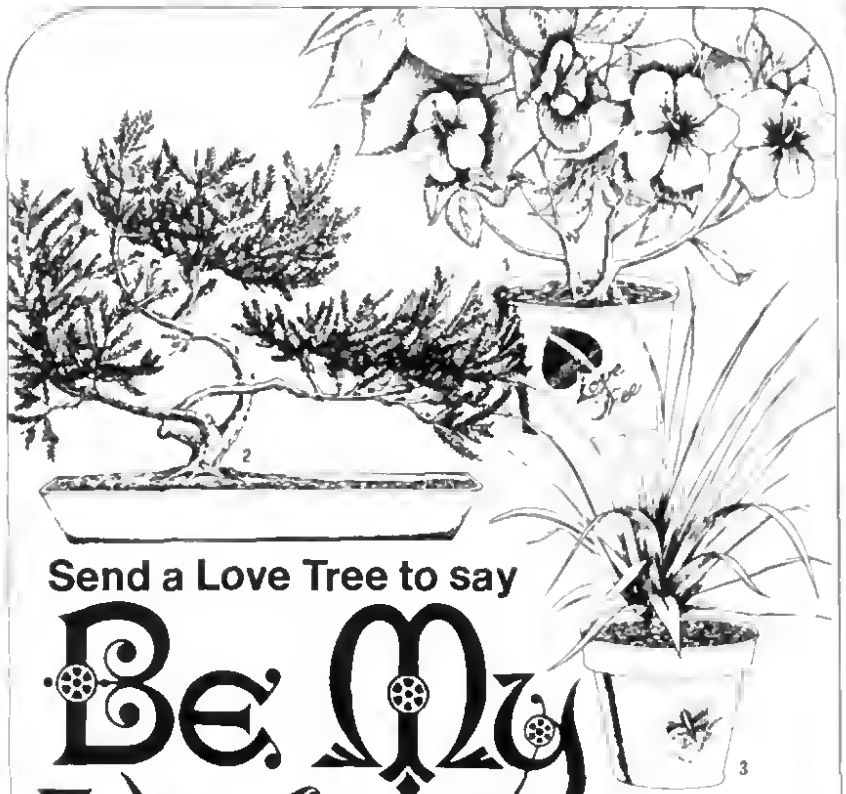
Minnesota hockey, many feel, is equivalent to Canadian until the high school level. This is where Canada moves ahead. A top Canadian teen-ager has what might generously be described as an abbreviated high school education. He will play some 300 games between the ages of 16 and 19 in September-April leagues reserved for the best players. But, at least in Minnesota, U.S. high school hockey is improving apace.

The backlash from all this activity is that more U.S. players are bound to turn pro before finishing college or playing on the national team. "You want to play for God and country or a $50,000 bonus?" asks National Coach Bob Johnson. More fearful is the prospect of junior leagues raiding the high schools and creating the classic dilemma of the Canadian who is almost but not quite good enough to play pro. "What could be worse than being a mediocre 21-year-old hockey player with a ninth-grade education?" asks the Saints' western Canada scout, Roy Kelly.

For the Mike Antonoviches, such risks undoubtedly seem worthwhile. In northern Minnesota, hockey has traditionally been a means of upward social mobility comparable to basketball in the ghetto. (With a little luck and a little puck, anyone can make it.) The difference until recently had been that a top hockey player had virtually no chance of playing professionally; instead he might hope to begin a career through his reputation and a college scholarship.

"I think I would have worked in the mines and played baseball if I hadn't got a hockey scholarship," says Antonovich, who was an All-State third baseman in high school. He grew up in Calumet, a town on Minnesota's iron range that once had close to 1,000 inhabitants,

continued



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hut now counts fewer than its listed 460, most of its ore has given out. The Antonovich family still lives in the small frame house where Mike's mother Eleanor gave birth to him without benefit of physician 21 years ago.

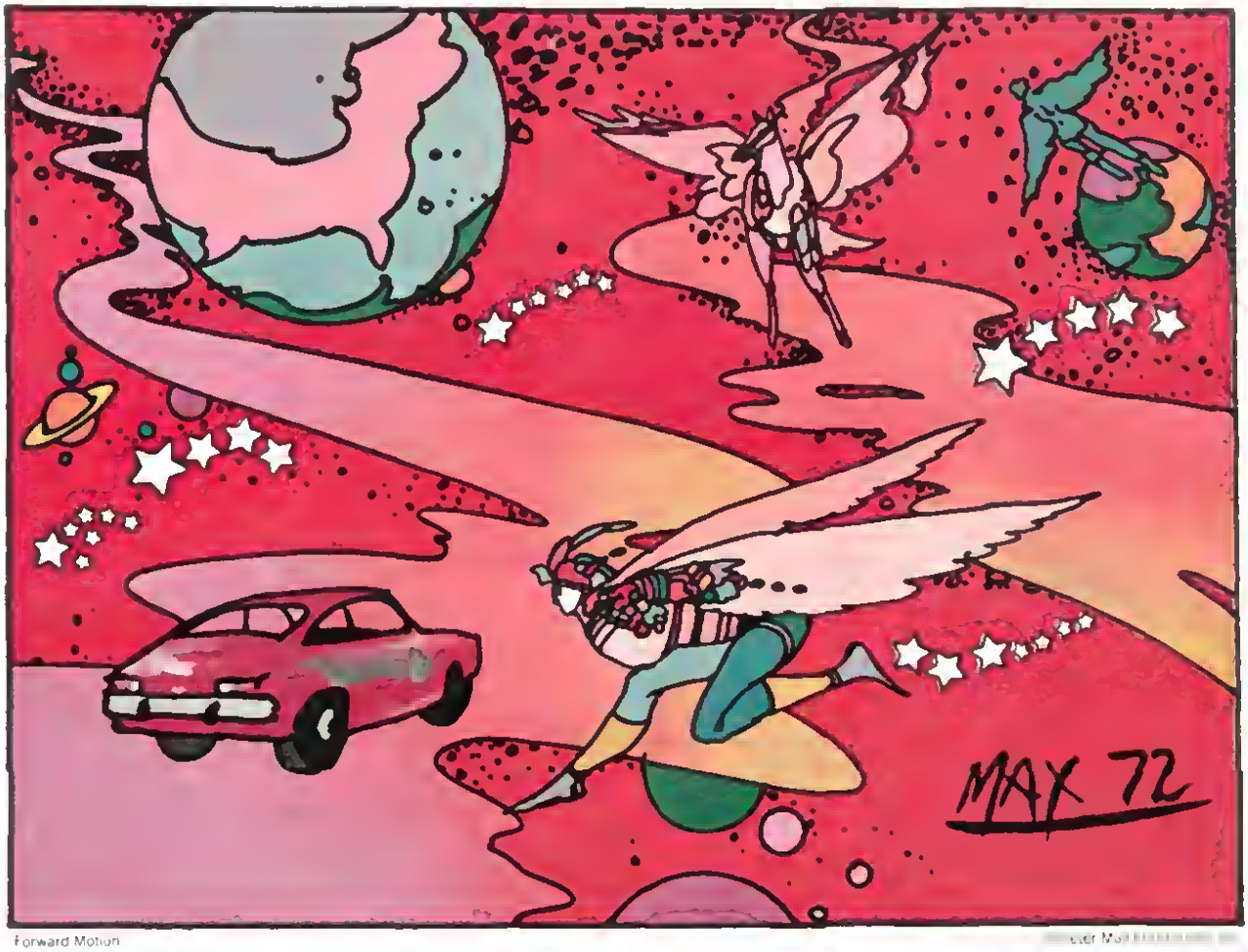
Small-town legends grew up around Antonovich, legends of how he was better than bigger and older boys and how he skated every day until dark. There were tales of his cockiness. "Mike was really a modest kid," says his high school coach, Bob Gernander, "but he had an arrogant way about him." From the time he led Greenway to its first state title as a 5′4″, 122-pound third-line sophomore, Mike no doubt felt it was necessary to throw what weight he had around.

Perhaps because of his reputation for roughness, Mike never made All-America, though he led Minnesota from third-period ties and deficits to 13 wins his freshman year and from a three-goal third-period disadvantage to an overtime win in the NCAA semifinals in his second year. The magic ran out in his junior year, when he injured his knee. With a pregnant wife and no chance of remaining academically eligible, he did not have to vacillate about turning pro. "I could have gone back to school," he says, "but you want to get in at the ground floor. I just went to school to play hockey." Antonovich is anything but cocky now, being understandably preoccupied with learning his position and surviving against bigger men.

"I think Mike could have played in the NHL," Sonmor maintains. "But he would have had to score 40 goals in Saginaw and he would have. Then he would have had to score 40 goals in the high minors somewhere—and he would have—and then someone would have given him the chance."

"Every time a Mike Antonovich takes the ice for the Saints, it helps hockey all through Minnesota," says Roy Kelly. "The kids on the high school teams look at him and realize that if they work hard enough, there's a place for them in pro hockey, too."

"In a few years there's going to be an explosion," says former Minnesota and Olympic Coach John Mariucci. "Why? Because we have numbers. Coaching's getting better, we have a 12-month program and rules are getting better, too." He paused. "And when we cross the color line, it's gonna be great." **END**



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Oryx from unicorns grow

The two-pronged Arabian oryx was becoming as much a fable as its one-horned cousin until an international rescue team got to work

Only 10 years ago the Arabian oryx was erroneously reported extinct in the wild and was indeed so scarce that few authorities refuted the report. Today it has not only been rescued from what seemed inevitable extinction but it has been reestablished on a course toward survival.

The Arabian oryx is the smallest and most graceful of the four species of oryx in the world and the only one found outside Africa. A medium-sized antelope, it stands about 40 inches at the shoulder and has horns that grow up to 29 inches in length. When seen from the side, these horns often appear as one. So the unicorn may actually have been an oryx.

Until the last century the animal roamed in large numbers throughout the Middle East, insulated from man by the inaccessibility of its domain. Only the best hunters of a Bedouin tribe—those able and willing to endure long periods living on dried meat and camel's milk—attempted to overtake the oryx. This often entailed trailing the animal for days under the scorching desert sun. For many, the quest ended in death for the hunter rather than the hunted. The few who succeeded were lionized for their bravery, and the Arabs believed strength, endurance and virility were derived from eating the flesh of the oryx.

Unfortunately for the oryx, such beliefs persisted long after motor cars and machine guns replaced the camels and primitive weapons of the tribesmen. What had once been a test of hunting skill and stamina degenerated into mechanized massacre. In a few decades the oryx was systematically eliminated from Jordan, Syria, Iraq and the Sinai Peninsula, leaving only two wild populations in the world: one in the Nafud area of Saudi Arabia, the other farther south, in the Rub' al Khali (Empty Quarter).

By the '50s the northern population, too, was extinct, annihilated by oil-rich sheikhs and their guests who further streamlined the slaughter by adding airplanes and helicopters to their automobile armadas. In one 14-month period three separate raids, with hunters employing tommy guns fired from columns of several hundred Land Rovers, wiped out half of what was then believed to be the animal's total world population. In 1962 it was estimated that fewer than 35 wild oryx remained.

But it was these final decimations that helped save the Arabian oryx. When reports of the massacres reached Sanau Garrison, a fort about 250 miles northeast of Mukalla in Southern Yemen, the officials stationed there were so incensed that protests were immediately sent to London, where newspapers soon headlined the outrage.

"Desert Massacre to Please Harem," said *The Daily Express* in a colorful but unfactual account in which the paper attributed the slaughter to a raunchy desert chief out to boost his image and virility with the ladies of his harem. The *Times* and *Daily Telegraph* expressed more sedate concern and the *Daily Mirror* raised some $84,000 from its readers after a plea made in its pages by Naturalist Peter Scott.

"The Arabian oryx is probably the world's rarest animal," wrote Scott. "Anything that can be done to save it should be done at once. Probably the

continued





THIS BABY ORYX, ONE OF MANY TO BE BORN IN THE PHOENIX ZOO, WILL SOON BE TOOTING ITS OWN HORNS LIKE ITS ELDERS

only answer is a Noah's Ark operation . . . capturing some and taking them to another part of the world where they can live in safety."

The indignation expressed in London spread to the Continent and then across the Atlantic. People on both sides of the ocean, including many who doubtless had never before heard of an Arabian oryx, rallied to the animal's rescue. The Fauna Preservation Society in London, for which Queen Elizabeth is patroness, proposed an expedition into the Empty Quarter to capture the remaining oryx for transplantation to a safer habitat. The Survival Service Commission of the International Union for Conservation of Nature and Natural Resources (IUCN) and the newly formed World Wildlife Fund backed the proposal.

In the U.S., Shikar-Safari Club International, probably the most distinguished and respected society of hunter-conservationists in the world, agreed to finance and sponsor the transfer and reestablishment of a breeding herd outside Arabia. Maury Machris, a Los Angeles oilman, was president of Shikar-Safari at the time Operation Oryx began.

"The world is changing too fast," Machris said, "to try to protect an endangered species by merely protecting its habitat. Too many factors, most man-created, upset the balance of nature in a wild reserve." He called the project "the most important example in history of international cooperation to save a single species of animal from extinction."

But before the Arabian oryx could be saved, it had to be caught. Ian Grimwood, chief game warden for Kenya, was chosen to lead a seven-man capturing expedition into the barren wastes of the Empty Quarter. It was a formidable assignment. Because of the climate and nature of the terrain, horses and dogs were ruled out as possible capturing aids. A special car—tough enough to withstand rough terrain, and large enough to take the animals aboard—had to be designed and built. Because so little was known about the oryx' tolerance for drugs, tranquilizers were ruled out in favor of old-fashioned cowboy-style lassos. Once caught, there was the problem of getting the animals out of the desert and then of where to put them.

One objective was to find a location as similar as possible to the oryx' natural habitat. The animals needed long-term protection so that they would have optimum chance to breed and increase to a point that might someday make it feasible to reintroduce the oryx into its native Arabia.

After months of consideration, it was finally decided that the climate and terrain of Phoenix, Ariz. were best suited for the animal's survival. Temporary or interim holding quarters were set up at Isiolo, Kenya. The East African Wild Life Society made a Piper airplane available to the expedition for spotting, and the RAF volunteered its services for transporting equipment into and animals out of Arabia. The governments of Kenya, Saudi Arabia and Kuwait, the U.S. Department of Agriculture, the Arizona Air National Guard and the Naples (Italy) Zoo all contributed in one form or another to the project.

"It is interesting to note," says Machris, "that American and European hunters played a vital and primary role in saving the Arabian oryx, although neither the animal nor its habitat had ever been a customary target for them. This preservation attempt stemmed solely from a genuine concern over a threatened species rather than from a possibly selfish desire to see the animals listed as one of the world's big-game trophy animals."

It is interesting, too, that the seven men on that original capturing expedition had among them virtually no specialized knowledge of the Arabian oryx or long-term interest in the animal. They were principally scientists—zoologists, botanists, a veterinarian—selected because of particular skills or talents they might lend to this unusual search.

The expedition moved into the Empty Quarter—a still comparatively unknown country—and began the search. Beset by sand, sun and heat, plagued by equipment breakdowns and frustrated by the elusiveness of the animal, the men began to question its very existence. But the determination of Anthony Shepherd, who wrote a book, *The Flight of the Unicorns*, about the adventure, and his associates finally succeeded in rescuing the first three animals that would become the World Pool of Arabian Oryx. Its numbers were swelled almost immediately by the contribution of a female, one of two oryx from the London Zoo. Encouraged by worldwide publicity, the sheikh of Kuwait donated a female from his private collection. Not to be outdone, the ruler of Saudi Arabia contributed two males and two females.

The first members of the World Pool were delivered by Shikar-Safari to The Phoenix Zoo in Arizona in the winter of 1963. On hand for their arrival were Maury Machris and a group of zoo officials. They had good reason for anxiety. There were few precedents for the raising of oryx. So little was known about the animal that even its gestation period was a mystery. And no one could be sure the animal would adapt to its new environment.

In its native desert, the oryx eats scrub vegetation with a nutritional content about equal to week-old clippings of Bermuda grass. It drinks about two ounces of water daily, extracted as moisture from leaves and plants. In the desert it is accustomed to temperature extremes ranging from 130° to freezing. Few forms of animal life exist in much of its environment, thus there are limited outside sources of infection.

Each day officials at the zoo recorded weather, temperature, food and water consumed and dozens of other related facts and observations about the new inhabitants of Phoenix. Except for large saguaros with spines clipped up beyond reach of the animals, all cacti were removed from the oryx enclosures, leaving only paloverde and ironwood trees and creosote bushes. Double fences with wooden boards at eye level were erected to give the animals greater security than chain link fences.

Water, provided in rubber buckets to prevent the oryx from injuring themselves, was carefully rationed because there was danger that the animals, unaccustomed to an abundant water supply, might overdrink and become ill. All food and equipment were sterilized to prevent introduction of foreign bacteria, and personnel admitted to the compounds were first required to dip their shoes in antiseptic foothaths.

Punching-bag-like sacks were put in some of the pens to give the animals a target other than zoo officials into which to hook their horns when feeling obstreperous, which was less and less often

continued

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20 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '72.

as the normally docile animals not only became acclimatized to their new environment but appeared to thrive. Several months after arrival, one of the females captured by the original Empty Quarter expedition produced the first World Pool dividend. The new calf weighed in at 17 pounds and answered one question: the gestation period of an Arabian oryx is 260 days.

This fact has been regularly substantiated in recent years as the herd at Phoenix grew from its original nine members to 36. Such increase is even more extraordinary when one considers that animals captured in the wild, although they will and often do breed in captivity, rarely produce progeny that breeds. As experience in conventional zoos has shown, the young, usually isolated from their parents from birth, have failed to acquire the normal behavior patterns of their species. But at The Phoenix Zoo the newborn oryx were left with their mothers in their simulated wild habitats. Zoo officials gambled that this would give the young an opportunity to learn the natural territorial patterns and herd life of their family group. The gamble paid off. All of the young born at Phoenix have bred upon reaching adulthood; in six cases both parents have been second generation.

"Total success," says Machris. "Until that happened, we couldn't say that we had really turned the corner."

With the transfer of six Phoenix animals to the San Diego Zoo this winter, Operation Oryx turned still another corner. Officials had long been concerned about the risks involved in concentrating all of the animals in a single locale. The danger, for example, of an epidemic disease wiping out the entire herd was ever present. Ten years ago Shepherd had hoped, but with little expectation, that the nucleus of another breeding herd might be established as insurance against possible disaster and also to permit eventual cross-breeding of the two herds to strengthen the strain and reduce inbreeding.

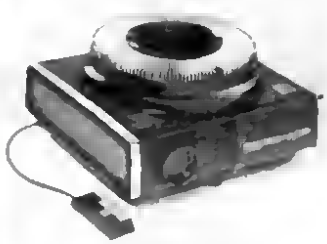
The day when the herds of oryx on this side of the world will be large enough to return to the wild deserts they once roamed is still far in the future, but the fact that there is any future at all is a dramatic example of international conservation on a grand scale. **END**



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BRIDGE / *Charles Goren*

This handicap put the Aces in the hole

How big a handicap can a bridge expert give his opponents and still win? And what kind of advantage can he afford to offer? In the past these fascinating problems have been tackled in some unusual ways.

In the days of the rugged individualists it was not uncommon for a bridge argument to wind up with the challenge, "Name your stakes and get yourself a partner." A player skilled in the wiles of gamesmanship might add a bit of amateur acupuncture via: "We'll play you for 20¢ a point and give you half your money back if you lose."

This isn't quite the same as the 2-to-1 odds that P. Hal Sims once accepted in return for giving Ely Culbertson the ace of spades on every deal. Sims forgot to add an essential stipulation: pay off at the end of every rubber. Upon discovering this error, he managed to recoup some of his losses by arranging a new match on slightly different terms. But B. Jay Becker, Sims' partner at the time, recalls, "We were very lucky and won a little, but it still wasn't enough." Sims was also the one who, when asked for a handicap by a couple of inexperienced opponents, thought a moment, then said, "O.K., you can cheat."

In an earlier day Culbertson once tacitly agreed to comparable odds when he and his wife Josephine found that the pigeons they were playing against were a pair of crooks. Their signals were so obvious that Jo couldn't understand why her husband didn't stop the game and she called him aside for a conference. "I know they're cheating, darling," Ely assured her. "But *they* don't know what to do with their information. *I* do."

A similar idea was recently the basis for perhaps the most remarkable handicap ever offered. In an exhibition staged by the American Contract Bridge League at its Fall Nationals in Lancaster, Pa., four members of the world champion Aces played six deals against four bridge-playing athletes—baseball's Tim McCarver, Jim Bunning and Richie Ashburn and pro golfer Frank Beard—who were allowed to pass their hands across the table for a 15-second study before the bidding began. What is more, if the athletes became the defenders they were permitted to take an additional five-second refresher look at each other's cards.

Such a handicap would normally have been devastating except for the fact that the hands were prepared in advance by Eddie Kantar, West Coast bridge star and co-author with Jackson Stanley of a new book called *Gamesman Bridge* (Liveright, $5.95). Kantar built a gimmick into each deal, expecting that in some cases it might be missed by the athletes but found, without benefit of a peek, by Aces Mike Lawrence, Bob Hamman, Bob Wolff and Bob Goldman.

A throng of spectators watching on Vu-Graph found the show both amusing and exciting, even though the programmed plays did not always come off. In the second deal of the match (*below*), however, Kantar's canny contrivance worked exactly as planned—for the athletes.

Neither side vulnerable
South dealer

NORTH
♠ A Q 5
♥ 10 7 6
♦ Q J 7 6
♣ K J 10

WEST
♠ J 10 8 4 3
♥ K
♦ 10 8 5
♣ 9 6 4 2

EAST
♠ 6 2
♥ A Q J 9 8
♦ 9 3 2
♣ 8 7 5

SOUTH
♠ K 9 7
♥ 5 4 3 2
♦ A K 4
♣ A Q 3

SOUTH (*Bunning*)	WEST (*Hamman*)	NORTH (*McCarver*)	EAST (*Wolff*)
1♠	PASS	3NT	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: queen of hearts

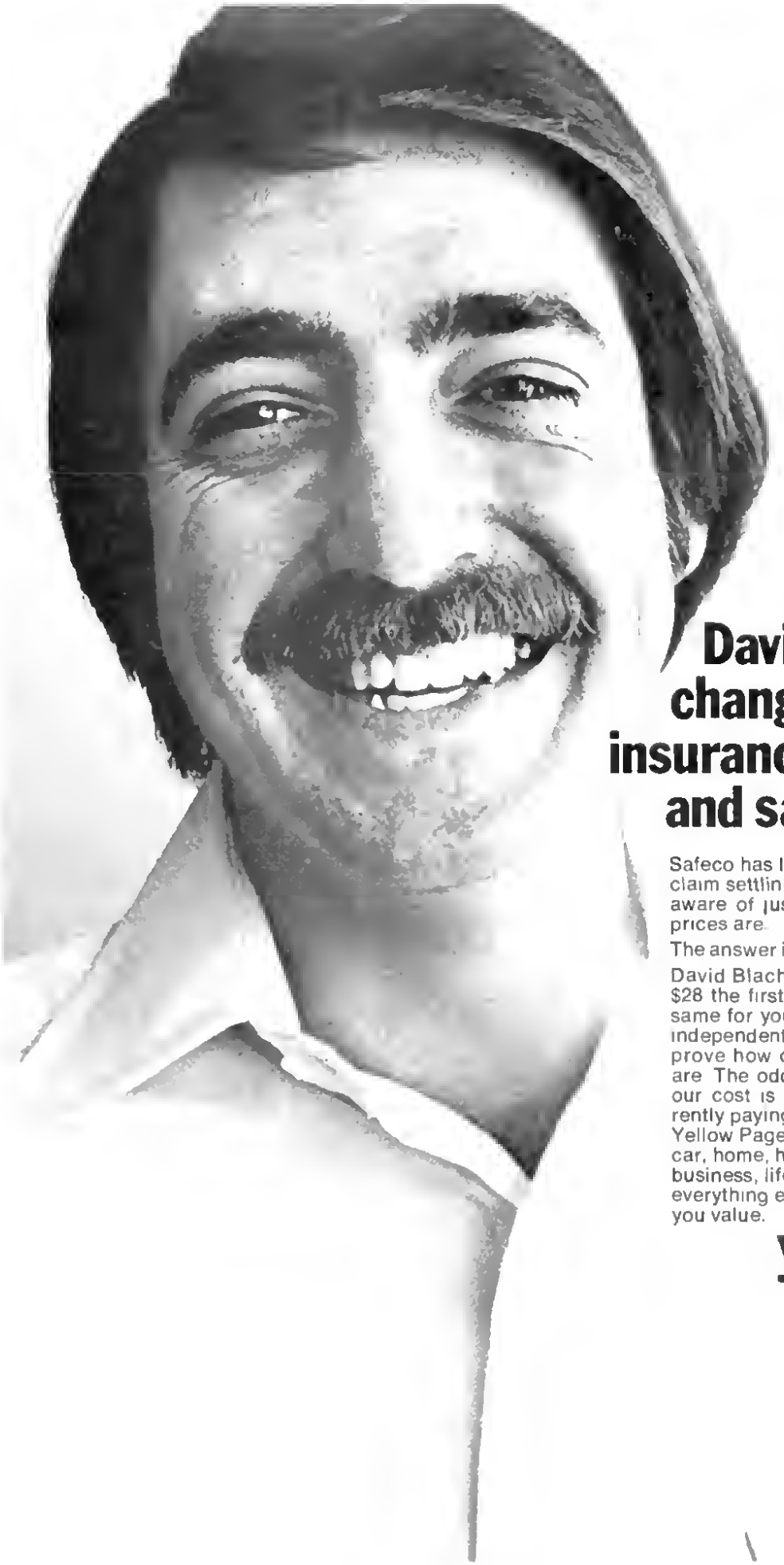
The athletes had been advised to bid whatever they thought they could make, hence McCarver's jump to three no-trump. West won the first trick with the king of hearts but could not continue the suit, so McCarver galloped home with the obvious 10 tricks. When the hand was replayed, the audience watched as Lawrence opened the South hand with one no trump. Goldman jumped to three and Ashburn (East) added foresight to hindsight (he had of course seen his partner's cards) by doubling!

Beard, who was also aware of the situation, led the king of hearts. Ashburn overtook with the ace and the athletes waltzed home with the first five tricks.

"You should have built in a double-cross," the Aces complained to Kantar. "Give South four hearts to the 10 and. . . ."

But of course that wasn't the idea of the match, which ended with the athletes winning four boards to two, following some zany bidding on the next-to-last deal. On that hand, after the athletes had arrived at seven spades, doubled and redoubled, Wolff decided to try to sacrifice at eight diamonds! This bid being illegal, not to mention impossible, he was forced to retract it and passed, after which Hamman was allowed to "save" at seven no trump. He was doubled and went down 10 tricks for a score of minus 1,900. In the other room the Aces' pair was doubled at six spades, and although an overtrick was made, the score came to only 1,860 to give the board to the athletes. Had either Ace redoubled, however, the swing would have gone the other way and, as it turned out, the match would have ended in a 3-3 tie.

If all this proved anything, it was that the best-laid schemes of even the experts gang aft agley. END



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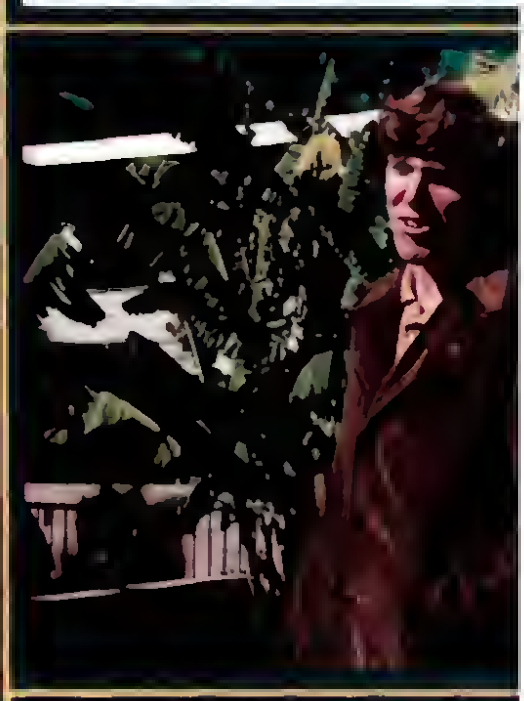
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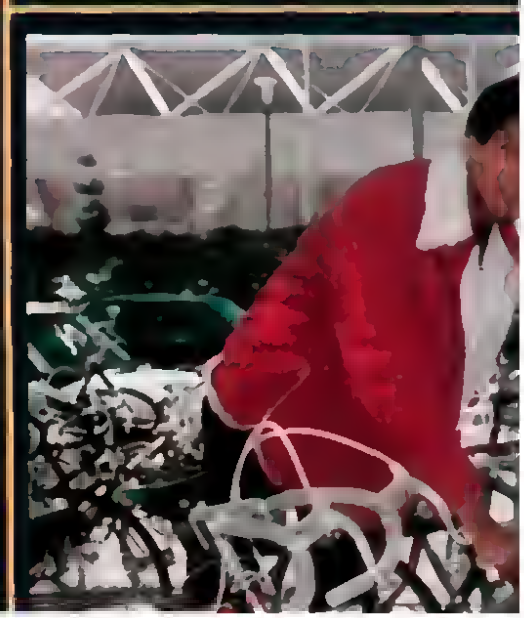
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WHO







ARE THESE GUYS?





In the easy atmosphere of the UCLA campus, the real Bruins relax between games and classes: Andre McCarter with his girl, Swen Nater with his books, Keith Wilkes his bike and Bill Walton and Greg Lee each other.

Their image is as austere as Yankee pinstripes, but as one of UCLA's record setters says, they are actually a gang of freewheelers. An intimate look at the young men behind all those big statistics

by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

When it was finally done, when UCLA had defeated Notre Dame for consecutive victory No. 61, without dramatics—and without much sign of effort, really—it began to be apparent that the team had accomplished much more than pass the record of Bill Russell and San Francisco. During their long and continuous occupation of the room at the top, the Bruins had survived fashion trends and hairstyles, rockabilly records and devalued dollars, presidents and Hula Hoops. They had outlasted New Frontiers, Great Societies, lunar forays and Frank Sinatra. In the end, UCLA had even outlasted war.

As the Bruins flew into the Midwest last week to take on Loyola, Notre Dame and Immortality, they seemed like the last persons on earth to care very much what they were about. They did not talk of The Streak. They did not think about it. One UCLA man said if the newspapers had shut up they wouldn't even have *known* about it.

Still they won. Though the moon was in the seventh house and Jupiter was aligned with Mars, UCLA won easily. John Wooden and Bill Walton (*see cover*) and all the rest beat Loyola 87–73 and Notre Dame 82–63 to break the record and in the process convince everybody that even if they are not the best undergraduate contingent ever, they are close enough.

The ironies of the trip that was to extend The Streak toppled all over one another. Thursday night in *continued*

the Chicago Stadium UCLA-Loyola was on the bill with Notre Dame-Illinois. Loyola is the school San Francisco beat in 1956 for its record 60th and the Ramblers are coached by George Ireland, a Notre Dame player when Wooden coached at a South Bend high school. Illinois is the team that stopped USF's run back there 16 years ago. And Notre Dame is the school that had a hand in another famous streak: the Irish were on both winning ends of Oklahoma's 47-game football record. Also they were the last team to defeat UCLA in basketball.

It was hardly surprising then that the moment the Bruins crowded onto their 747 in Los Angeles, the first-class cabin of TWA Flight 24 was suffused by reporters and TV floodlights. It was stuck up with blue and gold pennants and the team was waited on by hostesses in UCLA shirts. "We aren't the ones on a crusade," said Wooden. "Everybody gets passionately up for us. Oh my, will there be some screaming."

In Chicago a slithery guard named Frank Sanders got 10 of Loyola's first 19 points and the Ramblers closed to 30–29 at one moment in the first half, but the game, in which Walton had 32 points and 27 rebounds, was not close. Afterward, gawkers hung around outside the Bruin dressing room breathlessly waiting for noise or emotion. There was none. Walton went into the shower. Larry Hollyfield opened a soda can. The players stared back at the gawkers in the hall. Then the door closed. "What is this, a museum?" someone asked. It was only UCLA Taking It In Stride.

Later, behind the closed door, Hollyfield said—almost as if he felt he should say *something*—"That's 60. Saturday is 61. Then 62, 63, 64 and we won't have to think about it anymore."

Walton and Greg Lee, under orders to talk to nobody, interviewed each other. "How was it winning No. 60?" Walton questioned in exuberant tones. "The Ultimate? The Pinnacle?"

"No," Lee answered.

The truth is that the UCLA basketball team, having achieved this honor and earned that trophy, having taken its eight NCAA championships and on the verge of winning its 61st consecutive game—having in fact won and won and won and won until there is nothing new left to win—this very team has reached that inevitable yet harrowing point at which accomplishment becomes commonplace. In fact, a bore. It seems almost as if winning is no longer invigorating or weighty; challenging or recreative; fresh, fun or gay. No cause for celebration. Sad to say, no longer even news. UCLA winning again is a weather outlook, a traffic report, dog-bites-man stuff.

As with other dynasties of American sport in our recent past, the parts have become more engaging than the whole. Subplots are the thing. What does it matter if the UCLA basketball team—like the Yankees, Packers, Sooners and Celtics before it—wins? The team will win. But what happens offstage? Does Billy Martin punch guys in nightclubs? Does Mickey Mantle climb hotel roofs? Does Bart Starr read the Bible? Does Paul Hornung make book? Does Bill Russell throw up in the locker room? Does Bob Cousy talk like Bugs Bunny?



Ganging up on Loyola in Chicago, Keith Wilkes shoots, Bill Walton spreads over the crowd and Larry Hollyfield waits to ramble, all part of the night's work in No. 60.

The public's right to know. What goes on? Are these good citizens? What are they like? What do they do? Where do they go? How? Why? Do they put their pants on one leg at a time? Who are these guys anyway?

"Oh, man," The Center said. "Why are you trying to make basketball players into human beings? Nobody believes it anyway. Ever get punched with an umbrella to see if you're real? I did. How many times? Once is too many. Nobody cares what we are away from the court. I can't go anywhere without being looked at as a freak. People don't know anything about UCLA players. They don't know me. Nobody knows me and they won't for a long time."

His bike bag filled with school books slung across one shoulder, The Center gave the peace sign and was gone. He had been standing there, draped across the doorway, talking to a visitor. It was not a particularly endearing moment because The Center is shy around strangers, suspicious of them, and he thinks they are "insincere." Still the time did not seem to dictate harsh tones; an outburst was out of place. So was hostility. Only later was it explained that The Center, Bill Walton, tended to "put people on," but in this case he was seriously taking a stand he believed in and would never back away from. It was still later—days later—that Walton appeared in a softer light. He was found to be a sincere, open-minded student of life.

They are fine traits for a man to have—taking a stand, being a student of life. Undoubtedly they are the basic characteristics that led Walton to lie down in the middle of Wilshire Boulevard in a peace protest, to march through classrooms, to barricade doors with wooden horses, to ride a janitor's scooter up the hill by the administration building and to decry loud and long the government's mining of Haiphong Harbor.

After Walton was arrested and was charged on five different counts, he pleaded *nolo contendere* in court, paid a $50 fine and was put on conditional probation by the university for two years. The penalty could have been much worse. As Walton was being hustled away from the protest demonstration in a Los Angeles Police Department bus, he spotted Chancellor Charles Young on the sidewalk and called him every name anybody had ever honked a bleep at. The chancellor, some feared, considered throwing Bill Walton right out of school.

This is, of course, the same student who was acclaimed Player of the Year in 1972 and will continue to be player of every year that he stays at UCLA. About him, the eminent philosopher Hot Rod Hundley, who has seen them all, says: "Surround Bill Russell or Wilt Chamberlain or Kareem Abdul-Jabbar or Nate Thurmond with the same teammates and none of them would win as many games as Walton does." So Hundley agrees with the others who have been dumbstruck by Bill Walton's multiple talents and are of the opinion that he is the best white man ever to play the black man's game.

Sensitive to racial issues, involved politically and genuinely resentful of generation-gap attitudes toward the young, Walton refers to himself with disdain as "The Great White Hope" and lights up the firmament with Menckenian prejudices. He says:

"I think a person past 35 should not be permitted to be President. Young people are the only hope of the world."

"They treat Jerry Rubin like an animal because he is considered radical. He should be as big a hero as George Washington, a soldier of violent revolution. Today, Washington would be the one in jail."

"I wouldn't blame the blacks if they took up arms and went into outright revolt. If a black man gunned me down I'd figure it was all right because of what whites have done to blacks."

Bill Walton pleads to be left alone, guards his privacy with a passion and longs to be recognized as a human being rather than as an athlete. But with his fame has come a certain mellowing. "Last year I didn't understand the reactions to me," he says. "People made a fuss, a hassle, and I didn't like it. I was hostile, antagonistic, sometimes downright rude. I'm not laughing at them anymore. I understand the role reversals, the hero-worship deal. I now understand people for what they are rather than for what they think I am."

For all the grave posturing and momentous statements that have caused storm clouds to gather at his every move, Bill Walton beneath his stony surface is nothing but a big, fun-loving teddy bear of a college kid. One who can't wait for basketball to end so he can get that hushy red hair down to his shoulders. So he can wear a bathing suit to class. So he can rap out there in the sun with all those Cybill Shepherds waiting on the UCLA lawns. So he can hike in the mountains, surf the ocean, get back "to any kind of nature" and hide from the torture caused by peanut-brittle knees.

Clothes mean nothing to Walton, money nothing; friendship and some solitude, everything. He has a kind of lisp—the words sometimes come fizzing from under the tongue—a toothy, goofy grin and a marvelous lantern of a face that will be just right for the cartoonists as soon as he signs his trillion-dollar contract with the San Diego Trailblazing 76ers, or whomever.

Walton tries not to think about that. Whether to leave school after his junior season is much too difficult a decision for the moment. He has said, "I couldn't look forward to tomorrow if I deserted my teammates," and he is devoted to his coach. Upon the team's discovery that John Wooden had been hospitalized with heart trouble in December, the first reaction was Walton's "that so-and-so, he better get back here fast. We need him." On the other hand, a reoccurrence of Wooden's trouble would assuredly be a factor in Walton's decision. He admits to more and more disgust at the college rules—that he cannot dunk, that teams can stall and moreover that "the best players are restricted." He says he is zoned, triple-teamed and frustrated to pieces.

While he remains at UCLA Bill Walton ices his troublesome knees at the training table meal—his teammates have become used to The Center eating dinner in his underwear. He reads Michener for pleasure. He rides a 10-speed bicycle. And—on the eve of his historic trip to the Midwest last week—he hustled down to Long Beach to take in a rock concert by Traffic.

The Point Man was sitting on a straight-back chair in what he calls his "makeshift" room in the Phi Kappa Psi house. He was eating dinner. This consisted of raisins, sunflower seeds and several different flavors of yogurt out of the small icebox in the corner. On the walls were posters advertising the dangers of marijuana, the words of Henry David Thoreau and sex. On the record player was Van Morrison. On the desk were cans of potato soup and apple juice, cereal

continued

boxes and a large jar of Cucamonga organic honey.

Greg Lee was in his 19th day of vegetarianism, which he had picked up from his older brother, a creative-writing student at Utah. Lee says people who eat meat are cannibals and that he feels much better since he started putting away all those vegetables plus some protein pills he gets from Dr. Ernie Vandeweghe, the old star from Colgate.

Lee is the son of the basketball coach at Reseda High School. He was a 4.0 student there with an all but photographic memory and a gift for mathematics. He dropped his first math course at UCLA fast, though, saying he "couldn't get psyched up for competing with a bunch of kids with two-inch glasses studying their heads off." Now he is in history, but he is disillusioned by the learning process. Some of the time, he says, he really gets inspired and cares and wants knowledge. "Mostly," he says, "school is a joke."

Lee enjoys a course concerning the history of relationships between men and women which he and Walton take on Monday evenings. The two also take Music 139. After injury and illness bogged him down early in the year and he played badly, Lee was ready to call it a season, to "bag it." He had lost his starting position to Tommy Curtis and playing wasn't fun anymore. It meant just trying to win back the position.

Then, in the first conference game against Oregon the team scored only four points in the first eight minutes and Wooden was forced to try Lee. He has done well ever since and, because Curtis caught the London flu, has started the last six games. "It's not really how well I do," Lee says, "it's how well the team does when I'm in there. Even if I'm not doing anything it looks like I am if we're smokin'."

Lee is a calm, collected "backcourt leader," as they say, and he is at his best directing the set offense. Still, he is slow, and Wooden prefers Curtis for the fast break, the press and even the Bruins' set defense. The rivalry between the two has been one of those fringe elements that seem to crop up every now and then to give a UCLA basketball season some semblance of reality.

It is no secret that Walton prefers to have his close friend Lee in the games rather than Curtis, who does not get the ball to him as well. In addition, Curtis imposes his vibrant, jabbering, nutsy-cuckoo style on a group of basically low-key individuals at the same time that Walton is attempting to lead and direct the team from under the basket. Walton has even gone so far as to cast a few humorous gibes in Wooden's direction regarding who should be playing and how much.

This is the kind of situation that Wooden handles better than anyone and even the participants are candid about their feelings and can laugh. Lee has a mock certificate from the "Curtis Fan Club" sent to him by a former roommate. It urges him to "be loud and obnoxious" and to "strive always for soul."

Curtis, who last week was recovering from his flu and the loss of 17 pounds, did not make the trip from Los Angeles. He sat at home on Coldwater Canyon Road in Sherman Oaks wearing a yellow bathrobe, watching the games on TV and "hoping the team wins by 100, with me or without me."

A bright and articulate junior, Curtis refers to himself the way others do, as "T.C." He is from aristocratic black stock in Florida. His grandfather founded one of the first black insurance companies there. Curtis was the first black to play varsity ball at Leon High in Tallahassee and the first black on that team to be told, "Nigger, you score 30 points tonight and you're dead." The man had a gun. Curtis scored 28.

Curtis writes many letters to people around the country whom he has met through the Fellowship of Christian Athletes. He called several of them the week before UCLA's first nationally televised game to make sure they would watch. Then he played only 13 minutes. Afterward, he was hurt, angry and acted badly in the locker room. He thinks now he should have apologized.

"A man can't get hung up on something like that," he says. "That's what ruins other teams. T.C. will be back."

T.C. was disturbed by the pressures in high school, but he says the hardest times of his life awaited him at UCLA. "The subtlety of racism here is ridiculous," he says. "I wish I could tell some people how to do it; they don't even know how to be prejudiced." He will not comment any more than that.

The Reserve is of a type coaches call "a real animal." He is an awesome physical specimen, 6'11", 250 pounds. He entertains his teammates by occasionally picking up an enormous bench and throwing a strike against the wall. He never misses Johnny Carson at night and watches Paul Lynde whenever he appears on *The Hollywood Squares*. The Reserve would like to be a comedian and fancies himself a punster both at home and away.

In New Orleans, where UCLA played on a portable board floor that had been screwed together, The Reserve looked around and punned, "This sure is a screwy floor." Right during the game he said that. When the Bruins pressed for a time, he said it might be "a permanent press." Right during the game. The coach looked down the bench and wondered what was going on. Here were his national champions attempting to quell an uprising by Illinois, and down there at the end of the bench The Reserve had all his guys moaning and breaking up.

Swen Nater is certainly the largest Dutch boy ever to come out of Amsterdam and make the U.S. Olympic team. He quit, though, because he could not eat when he wanted to, and then went back to UCLA where he could eat when he wanted although he hardly ever got to play. Walton calls him the best center he has played against and Nater always thanks him for that whether it is true or not. It might be true. Pro scouts come away from UCLA practices shaking their heads at Nater's shooting ability and latent skills. He cannot play defense, however, and he doesn't appear to know what the word pass means.

Nater is second-string in academics, too. He has enough units to graduate but they are spread out so haphazardly that he is but an "early junior." One teammate says Nater should move as quickly in Pauley Pavilion as he does to the crip courses.

Nater himself says he has tried a lot of academic stuff, searching for a career, but that pro basketball looks like the best bet. "I've had a major in German," he says, "and in sociology, music, general arts, geology and a few other things. Now I'm back in German. I speak some. Someday I'd like to teach it. Why German? Oh, look, the major doesn't mean anything. The only reason I came here is to play basketball. You can't make a living with puns."

Nater knows the scouts are watching. He says the things he needs to make it are coaching and playing time. Coaching

he gets. "Practices are games to me," he says. "I pretend there are two starting lineups. It's the only time I get to show what I can do. Sure I'm disappointed I don't play more, but Wooden's been right for 10 years and why change? Maybe I should have gone someplace else, or left school for the pros, but I don't think so. I get experience playing against Walton and we do win."

The school administration's protective, paranoid attitudes aside, UCLA players are not emotionless ciphers programmed into some destructive victory force without regard for life, liberty or the pursuit of happiness. The team's unbroken success, however, has indulged its fans to the brink of idiocy. Student supporters keep their heads all right, but at home games there is a certain segment of the crowd behind the UCLA bench, consisting mainly of well-heeled alumni and player relatives, that deserves some sort of award for front-running.

At the slightest UCLA error there are catcalls and complaining from this crowd—as if nothing less than perfection is enough. And the section's behavior toward the opposition, even as the poor team is being blown out of the place, is nothing short of juvenile. When Providence's Ernie DiGregorio left Streak Game No. 59 a fortnight ago, he received a merited standing ovation from the UCLA students. The older segment orally bade good riddance.

UCLA players refuse to be quoted directly, but to a man they are bitterly critical of these bad vibrations. They chastise their supporters for expecting too much. They wonder what the reactions would be to defeat. They seriously doubt the loyalties would be lasting.

Off the court UCLA players get away with the same brand of antics as any mortal team. Behind the backs of authority they have cake fights in the locker room and girls are shanghaied in after curfews. Beer sometimes flows at the Bel-Air Sands Hotel where the team stays on home-game weekends. Then there was a memorable trip back from Notre Dame last season. Overjoyed at leaving the subfreezing temperatures and being rid of the exasperating loitering contest the Irish had concocted, the Bruins imbibed liberally during a long layover at the Chicago airport. They boarded the plane, in the words of one, "thoroughly plastered out of our minds." And they com-

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menced to have peanut- and water-hurling battles the rest of the flight until a stray missile nailed Wooden. A halt was called immediately.

"We have this great UCLA image," one Bruin says, "and nobody suspects we are a bunch of wonderful lawbreaking degenerates."

Above all, the Bruins are human. They have a good time.

Keith Wilkes is a baby-faced, excruciatingly quiet, Baptist minister's son from Santa Barbara. He is a smooth, graceful junior forward, an intelligent man who does everything with eminent style. His teammates josh him about his age (he is only 19) and call him "Young Keith" or "Jackson," which is his first name. Nobody ever knows he is around except the ladies. The ladies dig Young Keith. Next to Bill Walton he may be UCLA's most valuable man and he certainly is one of the most underrated players on any campus. But Keith Wilkes will never receive the individual attention he deserves while playing at UCLA.

Pete Trgovich is a lank, bony, ugly duckling of a 6′ 5″ sophomore who comes from East Chicago, Ind. His attitudes and outlook reflect that part of the country and his eyes are still being opened wide by what goes on in Los Angeles. "The Dan Ryan Expressway was never like this," he says. "There are so many good-looking skirts around." And he just found out last week that if he goes into Hollis Johnson's drugstore there in Westwood from the back instead of from the front he can get his cheeseburgers and shakes free while sitting on a wooden crate by the delivery entrance. He found out that Hollis takes care of UCLA basketball players. At most any other school he already would have made the starting team and become famous. In recent weeks at UCLA Pete Trgovich has averaged about seven minutes a game.

Andre McCarter averages zero minutes. He is from Philadelphia, another sophomore. When he saw he would have to share playing time this season with Lee and Curtis at the point, he decided to sit out the year. McCarter is confident enough to believe he could have made All-America at some other place right away. He *knows* he is better than Lee or Curtis. So does Lee. So does Curtis. So does John Wooden. But because McCarter does not as yet fit well into the UCLA system, he redshirts.

McCarter is perceptive about this arrangement. He says it is better for the team that he stay out. He says he has purposely taken some of the values off basketball so that he can cope. Yet he is the first man out to practice every day and he works on his moves for half an hour in solitude. When he went home for Christmas where everybody knows how good he is, all his friends and the journalists in the East asked McCarter what was wrong and why he didn't leave UCLA. That made him feel better; somebody cared. Tom Hawkins, the former pro player and now an announcer, had McCarter on TV in L.A. the day after he made the painful decision to sit out. Beforehand Hawkins asked him if he wanted to criticize the coach and the system, or pass it over. McCarter, who is not unhappy but not particularly ecstatic either, passed it over. He said it was worth it to wait and play at UCLA.

"The way everything runs the course here, it *is* worth it," The Seniors were saying. The Seniors had been through the mill themselves. Two years ago they played behind Sidney Wicks and Curtis Rowe and hardly got in the games. One of them accepted it with equanimity. The other one continued to grumble. Now Larry Farmer, the former, and Larry Hollyfield are the wizened veterans at UCLA. Both start the games and play most of the way.

The Seniors were eating bagels on a Sunday morning in the living room of Sam Gilbert, a wealthy contractor and UCLA alumnus who lives in Pacific Palisades in a storybook house that overlooks the ocean and is occupied by antiques from all over the world. Gilbert advises the players on professional contracts, and he and his wife Rose have twin Mercedes parked outside with license plates "Papa G" and "Mama G." For Christmas The Seniors gave Gilbert a Rolls-Royce. It was only a transistor radio, but the first Rolls Papa G ever had.

Sam Gilbert's home is where the players come to wash their cars on Sundays, to swim, to eat Thanksgiving dinner, to get away from it all. Last Thanksgiving Bill Walton and Andre McCarter bet on which one could eat a whole pumpkin pie covered with ice cream after the turkey dinner. Walton could. McCarter tried and took a walk on the beach. This morning Farmer and Hollyfield were going easy on the food.

As contributors to the UCLA program, both have come a long way. Farmer came from Denver and had to write a letter selling himself to Westwood. It is said he was a "panic pick" by the school's recruiters in a weak year when high school players such as Allan Hornyak (later of Ohio State) and Mike Edwards (of Tennessee) had turned down UCLA. Farmer was an ROTC corps commander at Manual High in Denver, the vice-president of the Honor Society, an upstanding citizen and the world's nicest fellow. When John Wooden met Farmer for the first time he asked the youngster if he thought he was good enough to play at UCLA. Farmer said he was; the school granted him a scholarship.

Farmer is called "Moose" by the UCLA student body because he watches Bullwinkle the Moose cartoons. He is given to elegant clothes—suedes, leathers, plaid capes, multi-toned shoes and wide-brimmed hats. Since his outfits appear only on game nights, however, there is jocular speculation that Farmer rents them solely for special occasions. During the school day he wears old T shirts and his UCLA letter jacket.

"I have been told I am the finest, most superbad dresser in college basketball," Farmer says with a smile. "Now I don't know about that, but this part is square business; I taught Wicks and Rowe everything they know about clothes."

Hollyfield, who has been a winner—if not a dresser—all his life, has an interesting line of doubletalk that he reverts to in a pinch. He is Wooden's proudest reclamation project since Wicks. A spectacular and explosive one-on-one operator, he is a natural forward but has taken the departed Henry Bibby's spot on the wing. Thus he is playing out of position. The feeling was that Hollyfield had to be forced onto the starting five this season or be a detriment to the team. Wooden did not want to go through another year like the last one with him. The conversion has worked out well for the most part. Though his outside shooting has been inconsistent, Hollyfield is capable of getting hot very quickly. Moreover, his record as a winner is truly impressive. In high school in Compton, Hollyfield's team lost only three times. At Compton Junior College, not at all. And at UCLA he has lost one game—at Notre Dame two years ago.

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The Seniors remember that game. They remember how it felt to lose. It was the first time on national TV for both. Farmer, having entered the contest after Wicks fouled out, posted up inside and yelled for the ball. Three different times down the floor he beckoned and each time Hollyfield went solo, fired and scored. Farmer says he wanted his mother, watching at home, to see *him* score.

Before that, though, they had only been able to watch themselves as Austin Carr tore up the Bruins on the way to 46 points. The two sophomores kept kidding each other on the bench that one of them was going to have to go in and stop Carr. Hollyfield got the call.

"I just said, 'Oh, no, my God,' " Hollyfield remembers. "Here Austin was doing his stuff on Sidney and everybody and here I got to go be embarrassed. Coach said, 'Go get him.' I said, 'Wahhhhh.' "

After the game, Hollyfield recalls stomping around outside the dressing room and declining to enter for fear he would break down. Farmer said he sat inside with his back turned and listened—for the first and last time—to John Wooden speak of a losing game. The Bruins merely had been licked that afternoon, the coach said. They should pack up and get out of there. On the way, he said, they should remember to hold their heads up.

Two years later, as the bus rolled through the low flatlands toward South Bend where he had once coached, where his son had been born, where his roots are, John Wooden talked about the old days. He was coming back home to Indiana to win No. 61. His wife Nell was by his side. And somebody named Mick Jagger was blasting from a tape deck in the back. "I wouldn't turn him on," said Wooden, "but he doesn't bug me."

The next day, while the Notre Dame campus sizzled with anticipation at a pregame rally, Larry Farmer and Larry Hollyfield sat in a motel room and confessed that the thing was finally becoming hairy. "We're here now, we have to think about the record," said Farmer.

"Sometimes we do save ourselves. These are the kind of games we play great in," said Hollyfield.

UCLA did just that. Greeted by thunderous boos, Bill Walton had what Wooden calls "the flame in his eyes," and he dominated once more. The Irish kept it close for a while, four to six points, but Coach Digger Phelps' plan to run with UCLA, to take the ball right to Walton, to get physical with the champions, was doomed from the beginning.

The towering redhead grabbed Notre Dame shots and sometimes threw them into the audience. He kept taking high lob passes from Greg Lee above the rim and dropping the ball in. And he slugged and pushed back when the Irish's John Shumate and Pete Crotty turned to their hatchets and the game got out of hand. Walton made 16 points, got 15 rebounds and blocked at least 10 shots. Keith Wilkes, too, played a marvelous game, scoring 20 points and shutting out Gary Novak from the field.

Crotty, whom the UCLA players later called "karate," bled throughout the contest after Farmer opened up his nose with an elbow. Phelps and Shumate were reprimanded by Wooden along the sidelines. ("John asked me if I had read his book," laughed Digger. "I said I had.") And the rest of the Notre Dame team was intimidated by the ridicule of Hollyfield, who laughed as he punished them all afternoon long.

When it was over—when the starters were all together sitting on the bench, slapping palms and watching the scrubs finish up—Walton continued to razz Notre Dame. The Irish student section responded in chorus, "Shut up Walton." Then he walked to the dressing room to ice his knees.

As The Seniors sat there, they thought about two years ago at South Bend. They had been "redeemed," they thought, and everything was evened up and now the pressure was off and they could go home.

Much later Hollyfield said yes, No. 61 did mean a lot to him after all, maybe more than last year's NCAA championship when he did not play much. Farmer agreed it was nice to have accomplished something nobody had done before. And Lee pointed out No. 61 would not last long, that the Bruins would break their own record next week.

Bill Walton, less elusive than before, walked toward the bus and discarded as worthless the "meanings" of any contests, records or streaks. "Will you remember this game for a long time?" he was asked. "More than the others? Longer than the others?"

Walton thought about that for only a moment. He said no and paused. The game he'll remember most, he said, is the game UCLA loses. **END**



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THE TRAVELERS

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Jan. 23-29

COLLEGE BASKETBALL In winning its 16th game of the season, UCLA snapped the NCAA record for consecutive victories by defeating Notre Dame 82-63 for its 61st straight (*page 72*)

PRO BASKETBALL—NBA Just before the Knicks and Celtics began their battle for first place in the Atlantic Division (*page 76*), some of them were teammates for a night as the East outscored the West 104-84 in the 23rd annual All-Star Game at Chicago. Led by the game's Most Valuable Player, Dave Cowens of the Celtics, the East had a height disadvantage but compensated by outhustling its opponent. Cowens scored 15 points and pulled down 13 rebounds. Crowd-pleaser Nate Archibald paced a lackluster West offense with 17 points and five assists. John Block, one of the East All-Stars, was traded just two days after appearing in the game. New Coach Kevin Loughery of the Philadelphia 76ers sent Block to Kansas City-Omaha for Tom Van Arsdale and a third-round draft pick. Loughery, who seeks a faster team, also acquired Jeff Halliburton from Atlanta for a third-round draft selection. Because of the All-Star break it was status quo in the divisional races. Baltimore defeated Buffalo 115-87 to retain its lead over Atlanta in the Central Division. The Hawks were a 129-126 victor over the Kings despite a 52-point game by Archibald, still the scoring and assist leader. In the Midwest, Milwaukee led Chicago, and the Lakers held their edge over Golden State in the Pacific Division.

ABA First-place Carolina visited Kentucky and the Colonels won 111-103 to make the difference between the top two teams in the East Division three games. Earlier in the week the Cougars cooled red-hot Indiana, stopping its seven-game winning streak. The issue was never in doubt as Coach Larry Brown's pressing defense helped the Cougars jump to a 20-2 lead en route to a 114-108 triumph. "I think that's as good as we have ever played," Brown said. Utah, the West Division leader, opened a 5½-game lead on Indiana.

BOWLING—JAY ROBINSON of Los Angeles rallied for a 193-182 victory over Gus Lampo for a $6,000 win in the $50,000 Denver Open.

BOXING—Challenger GEORGE FOREMAN won the world heavyweight championship with a technical knockout over Joe Frazier at 1:35 of the second round in Kingston, Jamaica (*page 20*)

FIGURE SKATING—Finishing first in all three phases and receiving first-place votes from all seven judges, GORDON McKELLEN JR. of Lake Placid, N.Y. won the National Senior Men's title at the U.S. championships at Bloomington, Minn. JANET LYNN captured her fifth straight Senior Women's crown.

GOLF—JACK NICKLAUS sank a 12-foot birdie putt on the first hole of a sudden-death playoff to defeat Orville Moody and Raymond Floyd for the $36,000 top prize in the Crosby National Pro-Amateur tournament at Pebble Beach, Calif.

For the sixth time, SAM SNEAD, 60, won the Seniors Golf tournament as he carded a 72-hole total 268 for a 15-stroke victory at Palm Beach Gardens, Fla.

HARNESS RACING—Sweden's DART HANOVER, a 37-to-1 choice, won the $160,000 Prix d'Amerique, Europe's richest trotting race, by less than a length over Tony M. of France. Favored Une de Mai was fourth as the 8-year-old winner covered the 1½ miles in 3:23.10.

HOCKEY NHL Montreal and the New York Rangers extended unbeaten streaks, but Boston continued its slide, losing its fifth game in six decisions. The Bruins took a 2-0 lead against the Black Hawks, but Chicago's Cliff Koroll put in his own rebound to break a 2-2 tie in the final period, the Hawks winning 4-2. First-place Montreal extended its East Division lead to seven points by beating Toronto 4-2 as Pete and Frank Mahovlich each netted a goal. It was the 13th game without a loss for the Canadiens. New York increased its unbeaten string to nine games with a 6-3 win at Detroit. After 20 seasons, 822 games for three teams and two Vezina trophies, Gump Worsley, 43, retired as a goalie for the Minnesota North Stars. Worsley yielded four first-period goals against Philadelphia and asked to be removed from his final game saying, "It's not fun anymore." Chicago led the North Stars by seven points.

WHA Quebec [illegible] on New England 3-1 to end its five-game [illegible] slump and create a first-place tie in the East Division with Cleveland, which defeated Chicago 2-1. Dick Pumple's goal at 10:22 of the final period gave the Crusaders their margin of victory. Pumple fired a rebound past Cougar Goalie Jim McLeod. Winnipeg continued to lead the West Division by five points over Houston.

MOTOR SPORTS France's JEAN-CLAUDE ANDRUET and co-driver MICHELE PETIT led Alpine Renaults to a 1-2-3 sweep in the 42nd Monte Carlo Rally, finishing 26 seconds ahead of Ove Andersson of Sweden and Jean Todt of France.

SKIING ROLAND COLLOMBIN of Switzerland won the Hahnenkamm race at Kitzbuhel, Austria for his fourth victory of the season, clinching the World Cup downhill trophy. His winning time was 2:23.32.

MARILYN COCHRAN recorded the year's first World Cup victory for the U.S. by winning the Kandahar slalom at Chamonix, France with an overall time of 90.14 seconds.

SPIDER SABICH moved into first place in the Benson & Hedges Grand Prix standings with 132 points as he won the slalom and was second in the giant slalom at Blue Mountain, Ontario.

TENNIS—Unseeded COLIN DIBLEY of Australia defeated Stan Smith 6-3, 7-6 for the $10,000 first prize in the $50,000 WCT tournament at Rancho La Costa, Calif.

Another unseeded player, New Zealand's BRIAN FAIRLIE, beat Mark Cox of Britain 2-6, 6-2, 6-2, 7-6 for the $8,400 top prize in a $50,000 WCT tournament at Royal Albert Hall in London.

TRACK & FIELD—As he predicted and all but promised, STEVE SMITH of the Pacific Coast Track Club broke his own world indoor pole-vault record with a leap of 18'¼" at the 66th Millrose Games in Madison Square Garden.

For the second week, AL FEUERBACH of the Pacific Coast Track Club set a world indoor record in the shot with a put of 69' 5¾". Feuerbach's performance was in the Portland Invitational meet in which STEVE PREFONTAINE established an American indoor record by running the two-mile in 8:24.61.

MILEPOSTS—ELECTED To baseball's Hall of Fame, WARREN SPAHN, who won 20 or more games in 13 seasons, pitched no-hitters when he was 39 and 40 and whose 363 career victories are the most by any lefthander. First Baseman GEORGE KELLY, Pitcher MICKEY WELCH and Umpire BILLY EVANS also were named in a vote by the 12-man Veterans' Committee.

HIRED As head coach of the Los Angeles Rams, TOMMY PROTHRO, with three years remaining on a five-year contract. Chuck Knox, offensive line coach at Detroit, was named as replacement.

HIRED After 51 games as coach of the Philadelphia 76ers, ROY RUBIN, who had won just four, Kevin Loughery, 32, was named player-coach for this season and the next two years.

HIRED As head football coach and general manager of the New England Patriots, CHUCK FAIRBANKS, who coached the University of Oklahoma the last six seasons. Fairbanks will receive a reported $1 million over five years.

HIRED DON McCAFFERTY, former coach of the Baltimore Colts, as head coach of the Detroit Lions.

HIRED As head football coach at San Jose State, DARRYL ROGERS, who had a seven-year 43-32-1 record at Fresno State.

HIRED As head football coach at Louisville, T.W. ALLEY, who was offensive line coach.

HIRED CLAUDE GILBERT, as head football coach at San Diego State after six years as an assistant there.

TRADED Defensive End COY BACON and Running Back BOB THOMAS by the Los Angeles Rams for Quarterback JOHN HADL of the San Diego Chargers in a second deal, for an eighth-round draft pick. Running Back TOM MATTE came to San Diego after 12 seasons with the Baltimore Colts.

DIED Former athletic director at Indiana University, PAUL J. (Pooch) HARRELL, 65, after a long illness, in Bloomington, Ind.

CREDITS

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FACES IN THE CROWD



MICKEY McGLADE, a senior at Gloucester Catholic High in New Jersey, scored 20 points to top the 1,000 mark in her career as the Rametles defeated Eastern High 57-18. Mickey has scored 260 points in 14 basketball games so far this season.



PAT BOUTETTE, a junior at the University of Minnesota-Duluth, scored three goals within a 2:37 span as the Bulldog hockey team overcame a 6-2 deficit and beat Michigan Tech in overtime 7-6. Boutette has scored 14 goals and has 31 assists in 22 games this season.



BARBARA BACON, a 15-year-old sophomore at Ames High, set two National Division of Girls' and Women's Sports swimming records. In the Iowa state finals, she swam the 200-yard individual medley in 2:23.81 and won the 100-yard butterfly in 1:03.21.



KEVIN STRAIN, 5, of Juneau, Alaska, ran a mile in 7:51.1 and the marathon (26 miles, 385 yards) in 6:56.39, the latter a world age-group record for the distance. He holds 30 such records for his age and is seeking to break all the world marks for 6-year-olds.



JIM BUSHKOFSKY, a 6'6" forward-center at Upper Iowa College in Fayette, scored 62 points against Missouri Valley to break his school's single-game scoring high and set a state record. He hit on 26 of 31 field-goal attempts and all but one of 11 free throws.



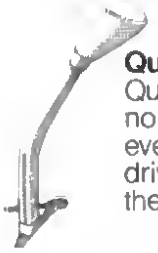
BRIAN MacKENZIE, a senior at Clarkson College of Technology in New York, scored four goals in his first hockey game and five in his second. MacKenzie's total of nine goals is just four fewer than he managed to score last year in 30 games for the Golden Knights.

Jeep Introduces Automatic 4-Wheel Drive.

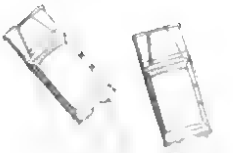
QUADRA-TRAC™—Someday all 4-wheel drive vehicles may have a system like it...Jeep Wagoneer has it now.



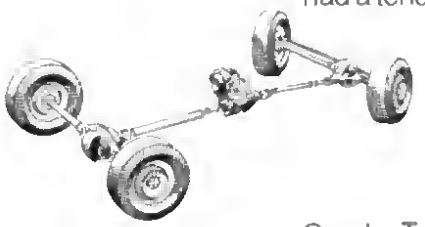
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THE READERS TAKE OVER

UCLA OF THE EAST

Sirs:

It's hard to figure out if SI has a grudge against Lefty Driesell, the University of Maryland, or both (*A Lesson for the Preacher Man*, Jan. 22). In the last year you have had several articles about the Terps, none of them exactly full of praise. In the issue of Jan. 3, 1972 you presented a piece ridiculing Driesell's speech patterns and Maryland's court misfortunes. Yet when the Terps won the NIT there was only a small article. And now that Maryland has lost by two points to a superb North Carolina State team in the most exciting game of the entire season, Barry McDermott has chosen to belittle Driesell before casually mentioning what transpired. I suppose I should be thankful, though. Had Maryland won I probably would have had to search for hours before realizing the report was nowhere to be found.

STEVE GAINEY

New Carrollton, Md.

Sirs:

As much as I admire Lefty Driesell and his fabulous team, I enjoyed Barry McDermott's critical and often cynical article. Lefty has a group of freewheeling players with more talent than any squad he has ever coached. He is learning to mix control with a free-lance offense without cutting into its spirit or aggressiveness.

Barry is right, the Preacher Man has uncounted nasties rooting against him. But St. Louis (site of the NCAA finals) had better be prepared for him and his boys.

JOHN L. RYMER

Bethesda, Md.

Sirs:

Thanks. It's about time North Carolina State received recognition. You might inform Lefty Driesell that there is a new "UCLA of the East"—in Raleigh, N.C.

RON MORRIS

Greeley, Colo.

TAMED HAWK

Sirs:

Concerning your article on the Chicago Black Hawks (*Big Little Guy in Chi*, Jan. 15), I never thought much of Keith Magnuson as a fighter, but lately he has exhibited some tendencies toward developing into a very good defenseman, without the use of his fists. I don't know what his ef-

continued



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When J. Peter Devine, C.L.U., our general agent in St. Paul, graduated from college, he followed their lead. In 1946, he joined Occidental.

Like his father and uncles, he has also been deeply involved in civic and industry activities. He is especially active in the National and the Minnesota Associations of Life Underwriters.

Both in the industry and outside, Pete's major efforts have been in education. He's a member of the Minnesota Higher Education Coordinating Commission, the policy-making group for colleges. It has been instrumental in starting two new state medical schools in the past two years.

In St. Paul, he just finished a hard-fought — and successful — battle for passage of a $25 million bond issue for 12 new elementary schools. "If a city is going to thrive, it must have good schools. Maybe having six youngsters of my own makes me a little more aware of that need."

Will any of those six follow him into insurance? Pete's not sure. "But I'd be the first to encourage them if they want to."

If you'd like to become an Occidental agent, write to Bill Stannard at the address provided on the opposite page

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of California

ficiency rating is this year, but he seems to be spending fewer hours in the penalty boxes of the NHL. You did Maggie an injustice. Keith may have "forgotten how to hit people," but I think he has improved because of his bad memory.

RICHARD MURPHY

Chicago

POSTING THE GUARDS

Sirs:

If Abdul-Jabbar is the Kareem of the crop in professional basketball, then Doug Collins surely must be the Pick of college basketball. Curry Kirkpatrick's article (*Of Pick and a Lot of Slick Comin' On*, Jan. 15) was welcome recognition of a truly super ballplayer. We in central Illinois have appreciated Doug's ability to move a team —and in fact a whole community— for the past few years. His ill-fated Olympic heroics represented for us an instant replay of a style shown on numerous occasions. Perhaps it is being a bit naive to characterize Doug as a typical local boy just beginning to see what the world has to offer. In addition to his own experiences and irrespective of what others perceive, Illinois State's campus is not without cosmopolitan influences even though it is located "alongside the railroad tracks."

By the way, if Dwight Lamar is the self-proclaimed "best shooter in college basketball," how is it that Collins handled him easily in a shooting exhibition recently in New York?

BILL TOLONE

Normal, Ill.

Sirs:

Doug Collins is a great ballplayer who will surely make a fine pro. Richard Fuqua is lightning fast and can score from anywhere on the court. But there are people who have contained them. Last season Illinois State (with Collins playing the entire game) was rather soundly beaten by Murray State University. Oral Roberts was also beaten by Murray State in its only loss of the regular season, and this year Les Taylor of Murray State has held Richard Fuqua to seven points while scoring 22 in a losing (by one point) effort. Keep looking around, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. There is a lot of talent to be found.

DANIEL F. DIVIRGILIO

New York City

Sirs:

I was both pleased and disappointed with the article. I was delighted to see that Villanova's Tom Ingelsby was mentioned but displeased by the fact that he was mentioned so briefly and compared, not to Doug Collins, but to Ted Manakus of Princeton. Manakus is a fine guard but he's just not in Ingelsby's class. Tom has outshone both

continued



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PHOTO BY [illegible]

Manakus and South Carolina's Kevin Joyce in head-to-head battles this season. He is averaging close to 25 points per game, 50% from the floor and 80% from the foul line, and he is the Wildcats' leading rebounder.

BOB MANZINGER

Warminster, Pa.

Sirs:

I very much enjoyed Curry Kirkpatrick's story. I realize it would have been impossible for him to mention all of the fine guards in the country this year and that is why he mentioned only the top seniors. But it seems that any discussion of outstanding college guards should include George Washington's supersophomore, Pat Tallent. Pat, with a 20-point average, is leading a well-balanced GW attack that has four starters scoring in double figures. He can do it all. He handed out 58 assists in 15 games and has been instrumental in turning a perennial loser into a big winner. After 15 games this year GW had won 11 and lost only four and could be headed for the NIT. Last year the Colonials were 4-11 after 15 games.

When people start talking about "the next Jerry West," they are going to have to include Pat Tallent's name in the discussion.

GREG ALLISON

Falls Church, Va.

DEEP DIVER

Sirs:

I would like to express my appreciation for the article on Enzo Maiorca (14 *Breathless Plunge to Grab a Hanky*, Jan. 8). Donald Stewart has brought back the true meaning of competition, which has been lost to other more glamorized sports such as pro football and baseball. The fact that Maiorca's dives do not receive the attention other sports do via press and television only makes his endeavors more worthwhile to a participating audience. I hope in the future you will give people like Mr. Maiorca and their personal achievements more consideration. It surely was a fine way to bring in the New Year.

M. F. KOMISARIK

Buffalo

Sirs:

Congratulations to Enzo Maiorca for achieving his feat of free diving 78 meters down into the Mediterranean. As a scuba diver I am glad to know that it is possible to reach such depths and still survive on a human air supply.

RISS NASH

Huntington Beach, Calif.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Sirs:

I sweated over Question No. 11 of Charles Goren's Christmas Quiz (*It Takes a Little Finesse*, Dec. 25) for almost two hours,

continued

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thinking that either I was a dolt or Goren was a problem-making genius. Finally I gave up, looked at the answer and found that the opposite was true. I am the genius. If East has all six clubs, there is no way to "guarantee nine tricks."

ALLEN P. KEITH

New Hampton, N.H.

Sirs:

Regarding hand No. 11 in the bridge quiz, how does Charles Goren propose to "guarantee nine tricks" if the defender's clubs are split 6–0? Consider this distribution, for example:

NORTH
♠ 3 2
♥ Q J 4
♦ 9 8
♣ A J 10 9 8 4

WEST
♠ K Q 7
♥ K 10 9 7 6 5
♦ K 7 6 3
♣

EAST
♠ 9 6 5 4
♥ 3
♦ Q 2
♣ Q 7 6 5 3 2

SOUTH
♠ A J 10 8
♥ A 8 2
♦ A J 10 5 4
♣ K

Contract 3 NT. West has overcalled in hearts and leads the 5 of hearts. How can you guarantee nine tricks?

Please explain.

H. J. SAUNDERS

Mississauga, Ontario

• Here is Goren's reply: "Congratulations to Mr. Keith and to Mr. Saunders for his careful arrangement of the opposing hands to balk any method of making three no trump once declarer has won the ace of hearts and West shows out on the lead of the club king. As for my guarantee, I can only follow the practice of the auto manufacturers and recall this Model 11 to install the 7 of clubs in North's hand instead of the 4 spot. In the tournament hand from which this problem was adapted, the fates were not so unkind as to distribute the adverse clubs 6–0 (less than a 2% chance). My mistake lay in following the blueprint instead of foolproofing its design." For those who may not recall the problem, in which only the North-South hands were given, Goren's top-score answer was to play the 4 of hearts from dummy and win with the ace, then overtake the club king with the ace in dummy and continue clubs.—ED

Address editorial mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, TIME & LIFE Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.



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They voted Zenith the best picture by more than 2 to 1.

Test conducted by Opinion Research Corporation, at the Conrad Hilton Hotel, Chicago.

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The entire test was conducted by a leading independent research organization, Opinion Research Corporation, of Princeton, New Jersey.

Opinion Research purchased six new color television sets directly from retail stores. All sets were 25-inch (diagonal measurement) solid-state, full-featured models representing the six largest-selling brands in the United States.

The test was set up in the lobby of America's largest hotel, the Conrad Hilton in Chicago, to reach people from all over the country.

All six sets were masked so they couldn't be identified. Only the pictures were visible. Each picture had a number above it. Viewers were asked to vote, by number, for the best picture. At the end of each day of voting, the sets were rotated to new positions.

Different independent TV service-men, selected by Opinion Research, were brought in each day to readjust the sets after they were rotated.

These servicemen, who monitored the performance of all sets continually, had authority to replace components or make any alteration necessary to maintain all sets at peak performance.

By the end of the test, 2,707 people, representing every state in the nation, had voted. The ballots were compiled and tabulated by Opinion Research.

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